

HUNTSMEN
PAST AND PRESENT

LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.

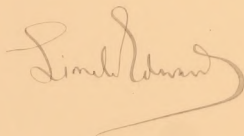


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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

HUNTSMEN PAST AND PRESENT

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A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Lincolnton", with a long, sweeping flourish extending to the right.

HUNTSMEN PAST AND PRESENT

Written by LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I., R.C.A.

*Author of MY HUNTING SKETCH BOOK, and illustrated from
contemporary prints and from original watercolour drawings by*
THE AUTHOR

*"A fish fag's ware isn't more
perishable than a 'unisman's fame!"*

Mr. Jorrock's.

PUBLISHED IN LONDON BY EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE
(PUBLISHERS) LIMITED, AND IN NEW YORK
BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
MCMXXIX

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

*Dedicated to the Masters and Huntservants
of the many packs with whom I have had
happy days, but to the latter in particular,
in grateful recognition of the fact that
their skill and devotion to their duties are in
no way explained by any wages they receive.*

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*"Those who attain excellence generally
spend life in one pursuit, for excellence
is not often granted on easier terms."*

Dr. Johnson.

INTRODUCTION

THERE was a time when it was customary for the author to dedicate his epistle to the noble, gracious, enlightened, learned and much-to-be-revered Lord Somebody-or-Other. Down the succeeding years you will notice there is an increasing tendency not only to curtail the pæan of praise, but in these democratic days to dismiss his lordship as one of the idle rich, from which it is abundantly evident that some modern writers are as little intimate with the lives of exalted personages as were the Uriah Heeps of the nineteenth and previous centuries. But although one may curtail or even omit a dedication, it seems to me that, in the present case, an introduction of sorts is unavoidable, even if it be only in self-defence. For although (to quote an old writer), I doubt not that "the cultivated mind and wide experience of all that is best in literature, art, and sport will enable my reader to estimate both my subject and my humble efforts at their true value," there may be some, not necessarily only among those unacquainted with sport, who scarcely realize that famous huntsmen have to be men of exceptional character, combining in themselves qualities that would probably have enabled them to reach front rank, even if they had chosen other careers. In fact, huntsmen, like poets, are born, not made ; which is possibly why, in some cases, the gift has run in families, such as the Hills, Grants, and Morgans, for example.

In many walks of life the man himself is divorced from his profession so far as the public is concerned. But in a huntsman this is not so : his personality is all-important. To be a successful huntsman, apart from many other qualities, a man must be popular. Now, as an old saying has it, "Greatness flatters our vanity, but increases our dangers," and were one so unkind (and if there were no law of libel), it would be easy enough to give many examples of meteoric careers which have ended suddenly, solely through inability, in horsy parlance, to stand corn ! It speaks volumes for this class of men that such popular idols as Tom Firr, Gillard, etc., retained their charming manners to the end.

When thinking of the many qualifications required by a huntsman I always recall a letter written by Admiral Wemyss giving a number of hints to a future M.F.H. His fourth on this list was :—

“The huntsman not to be a gentleman, but a professional. Besides knowing his business, let him have more in his brains. Let him know how to hunt a country, and also how to gammon the saucy snobs you will be infested with !”

The difficulty which immediately besets the author of any book on famous huntsmen is : Who to leave out ? Every age has had its famous sportsmen. Moreover, it is difficult to decide whether to include both amateurs and professionals. If one includes the former, it looks as though one must begin with “Nimrod” (the mighty hunter before the Lord). On the other hand, if “pros” only are included, one must leave out the most famous (to the general public) of all huntsmen, John Peel. I have, therefore, adopted a middle course, with a strong bias in favour of the professional. My selection of past huntsmen has been largely regulated by the old pictures of them which I have been able to borrow; and of modern ones entirely by the sketches I have at various times made of many, but by no means all, of the leading lights in the hunting world.

I feel that Clarence Johnson, huntsman to the Bicester, and Holland, huntsman to the Old Berkshire, are notable omissions from a list of famous huntsmen. It had been my intention to include them, but it has been necessary to close the book for press before certain information for which I have been waiting could arrive.

I am fully aware of the disadvantage at which I am obviously placing myself in putting these sketches in juxtaposition to the work of such famous sporting artists as Ben Marshall, Ferneley, etc. These artists were masters of their art, and painted, to some extent at any rate, in the manner of older and greater masters. That manner has been lost by the sporting artists of today, with the notable exception of Mr. A. J. Munnings, who, in his otherwise intensely modern work, does retain something of the grand manner.

A word as to these sketches, therefore, may not be out of place. In two or three cases they have been painted from the model direct, usually sketches for figures in the *Shires and Provinces* series ; in others they are enlargements

from mere pencil scribbles completed from memory. It is more than likely that in many cases, therefore, they may not be, as far as facial likeness is concerned, portraits of the first rank, but I have in each endeavoured to get the seat and characteristics of the man. For example, Freeman's habit of putting his left hand on his thigh when not in motion ; whilst old Will Dale's cap always appeared to me to be on the top of his head, and not pressed down, making it look too small. Although a stoutish man, he looked very tall on a horse, because he had a long back. In every case the huntsman is depicted against a background in his own country.

Fortunately for the author, his public is not intensely critical from a purely artistic point of view, insomuch that it naturally demands accuracy from a sporting point of view before quality of paint. Nevertheless, with the exception of the fisherman, no one is more difficult to appeal to pictorially than the hunting man. His is, after all, a fleeting joy; and do not mere pictures weary us with their immobility? Since the artist can give but little more than a snapshot in colour, my humble hope is that these sketches of famous huntsmen, in what the Natural History books delight in calling their natural surroundings, may appeal to sportsmen, on the principle that since the latter cannot get what they desire, they may perforce admire what they get !

I wish to record my grateful thanks to the Countess of Dalkeith, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord George Scott, Colonel Foljambe, Mr. Walter Shaw Sparrow, Mr. W. Tinsley, Mr. Loder, Colonel Rivers Bulkeley, Mr. Harry Maiden, and others, for their help in the compiling of this book, but more particularly to Brigadier-General Cowie for his indefatigable labours, and for lending me so many old prints of famous huntsmen from his wonderful collection of sporting prints.

ON HUNTSMEN

ON HUNTSMEN

"It is easier to choose a wife than to choose a huntsman."

—LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, in *Hunting the Fox*, p. 13.

*"Fame and Censure with a tether
By Fate are always linked together."*

—SWIFT.

MY readers are probably familiar with the special advertisement that our friend Mr. Jorrocks drew up, for insertion in that gossiping publication, the *Handley Cross Paul Pry*, which produced such an immense sensation in the world of servitude, and which caused Diana Lodge to be besieged by all sorts and conditions of men, who had only one thing in common, namely, they all spoke in the highest terms of themselves! Although in accepting James Pigg most of this counsel of perfection had to be abandoned by Mr. Jorrocks, the former had, at any rate, some of the necessary qualities—to wit, he certainly was "desperately fond of hunting, and indefatigable in pursuit of it." Lord Willoughby de Broke, in *Hunting the Fox*, lays it down that there are at least two mental qualities which are indispensable to a successful huntsman. These are, without doubt, patience and a love of foxhounds. It is, perhaps, not too much to say no huntsman will be really brilliant unless he has a certain excitability somewhere in his temperament, or at least a latent capacity for getting his blood up. If he is wholly deficient in this regard, he may indeed be patient, but so patient that he will get farther and farther behind the fox every day, and never kill one at all above ground save by accident. But the power to combine patience with other elements of a somewhat opposite character is not given to every man.

To summarize the necessary technical qualities of a famous huntsman would not only be presumptuous on my part, but beyond my powers. But I feel I must at least attempt to enlarge on the theory expressed in the introduction, that to be a famous huntsman a man must combine in himself qualities which would enable him to reach front rank were he to choose a different career.

The only way at all to estimate the success of any person is to try to realize the difficulties he has overcome to obtain it. The career of a huntservant is not the bed of roses one might imagine. I have often heard hunting people say that huntservants are the spoilt darlings of servitude, since they are paid for doing what they like best. This may be, since no one could enter so arduous a service unless they loved the work ; but it is not, any more than other trades, one in which success is easily won. Nowadays, in particular, there are few openings at the top, for in most of the provincial Hunts amateur huntsmen have usurped the professional's place. The reasons for this are simple enough. Few rich men are willing, save in the case of the more fashionable packs, to take the barren honour of M.F.H., with all its cares and expense, unless they get some personal fun out of it in return. We all think we can choose a wife or a horse for ourselves; and, regardless of failures, some of us even take on the additional responsibilities of hunting hounds ! Yet few amateurs make a success of it, although there are many notable exceptions. The amateur huntsman has, nevertheless, apparently come to stay, for, obviously, the fun of trying to hunt hounds does compensate for some of the manifold annoyances which are inseparable from those magic letters M.F.H. Moreover, the greatly increased cost of hunting has made rich Masters essential. I know of one pack whose subscription is little over £500 per annum, which, nevertheless, still hunts four days a week, as in the past. In this case, continuity is only possible through the wealth of the Master, and "he who pays the piper calls the tune"; so naturally he hunts the hounds himself, and, as it happens, makes a pretty good job of it.

I have laboured unduly, perhaps, the amateur huntsman question for the purpose of showing that there are not, in these days, a great number of "plums" to be obtained by the professional, and that he needs to be something exceptional to get a job at all. Now, in most trades, the man who starts from the bottom and works his way up has, at any rate, a sporting chance of reaching the top, but huntservants, owing to the amateur element, usually come to full stop on the second rung from the top of the ladder. This seems rather hard if a man has started as a boy in kennels, but in actual fact it often happens that promotion from first whip to huntsman is but the beginning of troubles. It may be taken as a business axiom that it is easy enough to

increase prices, but very difficult to come down ; so the Master who " puts on " a first whip, therefore, takes a big responsibility. Unless the huntsman has " all the luck there is about and a bit more," he may, in a few seasons, be still a huntsman, but with no hounds to hunt, and by hard economic facts be obliged to come down again to first whip and kennel huntsman. Moreover, it is a remarkable fact that exceptionally brilliant first whips not infrequently are complete failures in higher rank. One, obviously, cannot give examples, except from the past.

A famous example is Jack Stevens, huntsman to the Pytchley about 1834. He is mentioned as a " brilliant first whip, a brilliant rider, and liked by everyone." He died at Brixworth in 1837, and a contemporary edition of *The Northampton Herald* says in his obituary notice, " We have our doubts of his becoming a good huntsman, but as a whipper-in he was first rate, indeed stood unrivalled." Curiously enough, his successor, another brilliant whipper-in, " Derry " (Stubbs ?), also lacked most of the essentials that go to constitute a huntsman, " and in an establishment where everything was splendid, he was, to use the words of Lord Charles Russell, the splendid failure."

Supposing, however, that a man has the necessary luck, gets the position of huntsman, shows excellent sport, and continues to go up until he gets into one of the coveted grass countries. In theory, his troubles should be over ; in reality, they do but begin, for to quote Phaedrus (Book III, *Fables*), " Success has brought many to destruction." Possibly, but not necessarily, by the time he has gained the coveted position he may be of a " certain age." In any case, he will, through the passing seasons, have been " on the floor " a good many times, will probably have broken quite a few bones, and unless his nerve and constitution are of exceptional calibre, the nervous strain of not only hunting hounds, but always going first over a country, will have begun to tell. For, remember, it is a very different thing to *have* to go first, from only doing it when you are on your favourite horse and " feel like it." Moreover, a huntsman, perhaps no longer young himself, has riding against him the wild and reckless youth of both sexes, and is expected not only to hunt the hounds, but keep his place in front of them. Season by season this strain must become greater, and it is scarcely surprising that some are tempted

to call in the assistance of Dutch courage. Moreover, the more popular the huntsman, the more is he exposed to the insidious attacks of that large portion of the community which, although it might probably hesitate to offer other assistance, is always ready to say "Have a drink?" Sooner or later, the huntservant who succumbs to this temptation appears at the meet "disguised in liquor," and is then near the end of his perhaps brilliant but meteoric career.

"A name famous too soon is a heavy burden" (Voltaire). Fame is no light load to carry under any circumstances. Flattery goes to the head like drink, and I am far from sure it does not do more permanent harm. Very few men have the strength of character to resist over-doses of adulation, especially if administered by the opposite sex, and I have always felt that the occasional spoilt "Dick Bragg" variety of huntsman one sometimes comes across has been made so through little fault of his own.

There is a tendency among a certain type of sportsman and sportswoman to desire to be thought better than they are. They apparently think that appearing to be on familiar terms with the Hunt staff helps to produce the illusion that they are old hands. Their lavish tips and frequent addressing of the huntservants by their Christian names on every possible occasion reminds me of a story of a Warwickshire M.F.H. of less democratic days, who, annoyed by the familiarity of one of his field, said "Sir! I do not address your servants by their Christian names, so I fail to see why you should so address mine!"

I have never seriously endeavoured to obtain any statistics as to the proportion of huntservants who obtain eminence as compared to the number employed over any fixed term of years. It would not be impossible to do so, and another interesting line of investigation would be to find out what proportion give up comparatively young, owing to injuries, or the results of injuries received in the hunting field. I imagine it would be considerable. I can only think of one instance of a huntservant becoming insane from head injuries.

It is unnecessary to elaborate the hardships of a huntservant's life, but long hours are among them. Fortunately, to any man wrapped up in his profession, long hours, although they may mean weariness, should not spell

monotony. The earlier days of a huntservant's life mean subjection to strict discipline; and be it remembered the discipline exacted by an upper servant from a lower is far more rigorous than that of master and man. However he may hate it at the time, happy, nevertheless, is the whip who is broken in by a martinet of the profession. It is rather remarkable, but if you will take the trouble to study *Baily's Directory*, you will find that nearly all the leading huntsmen of the present time served for a time at least under one famous huntsman. I must not mention his name, lest he object to being called a martinet!

Hunting for pleasure and hunting for, or rather as a means of, a livelihood, are two very different things. The follower of hounds can and does go home when he pleases, but the huntservant's day scarcely ends with the last of light. If all has gone well and the whip can say to the huntsman, "All on, Sir," there are still probably many weary miles to jog at hounds' pace in the cold wintry darkness. As we overtake them, and our headlights momentarily light up their red coats against the blackness of the night, few of us remember that they still, in their muddy boots and wet clothes, have to see hounds fed before they can change and feed themselves—when they get home. And this question of food is another difficulty. There is an old saying: "Live in a saddle; whoever heard of a bilious postboy?" There is, however, another which says "Doctors differ," and I suppose one of the few things the medical profession agree on is the beneficial effect on health of horse exercise. But few would recommend it for many hours at a time without food, and two different huntsmen told me this was their greatest trial, as it played the dickens with their digestive organs. One said he neither had the time nor inclination to eat breakfast before starting, that he carried nothing with him for the same reason, and that unless he got the chance of a drink on the way home, he really had but one meal (supper) per diem. Another told me that, as a result of the same trial, he was so hungry by supper time that he was unable to digest it; consequently, he has now only a cup of bread and milk to finish the day. These men, in other words, are living on their reserve powers, a thing no one can do for long. It is a matter of temperament. Possibly, there may be phlegmatic huntsmen, but I doubt it, for as a rule "Genius travels by crooked roads."

Not that all huntsmen are geniuses—far from it. The few there be hold the plums of their profession. But in the smallest establishments one finds occasionally most remarkable and able men, who may have for Master such a one as Sir Harry Scattercash, who, you will remember, was “just enough a Master of Hounds to be jealous of neighbouring ones!” These men practically run the whole show, and, considering the limited finances, do so most ably. I believe there is one to this day who, on his Master’s death and the near approach of the same fate befalling the Hunt itself, offered to carry on without any wages if they would guarantee the keep of the hounds and two horses for him. He is, in fact, now practically M.F.H. of a Hunt which would otherwise be defunct.

One comes across some quaint characters among huntservants. I cannot refrain from quoting the remarks of one who had a Master with a vitriolic tongue. The M.F.H. in private life was a dear old boy, but in the hunting field suffered severely from a rush of bad words to the head. Consequently, when he returned home, being really a most kind-hearted old man, he spent his evenings writing apologies to those whom he had ruffled. His huntsman, another “character,” used to remind him when he was particularly vitriolic by saying, “Us’ll have a terrible lot o’ correspondence to deal with this evening, I am a-feared.” Another old character had a knack of hitting off words appropriate to the occasion. The Master of a neighbouring pack was given an invitation day on the moor. He put up a pretty moderate show and ended by losing his fox, his hounds, and his temper. A neighbour asked the huntsman what sort of day the visitor had had : the huntsman replied, “Well, I see’d un start for home and he lit a big cigar, but I reckons he chewed a deal more than he smoked!” Upon one occasion, when the same West Country huntsman was hunting a tired fox on a poorish scent, he ordered his whip forrard to try and keep the fox in view ; the whipper-in jumped a bank and fell into a big ditch on the other side, where he lay on his back, semi-conscious, looking at the sky. The exasperated huntsman, whose hounds had checked, cast them forward, hoping to get a timely holloa ; instead of which he found the whip still lying where he fell. “Damme, Fred, what be doin’ there ? I told ’ee to keep your eye on the fox, instead of looking up to a place you’ll never go to !”

It is only natural that, as one descends the scale in hunting establishments, one finds also the less competent. To show sport in a bad hunting country requires exceptional ability on the part of a huntsman. At times a man rises to the occasion and, having made a name for himself under such adverse circumstances, his worth is realized and he is taken on by one of the big Hunts. But more often, I am afraid, he becomes slack and hopeless, overcome by the difficulties and disheartened by the adverse criticism of those who little realize his difficulties. One such, disheartened by bad stopping and shortage of foxes while drawing a cover in a hopeless country, his hounds doing nothing and straying along in the rides, met the keeper. "Not many foxes 'ere, keeper?" said the huntsman. "No, an' if there was," replied the keeper, "you wouldn't find 'em in the middle of the rides!"

SOME NOTES ON SPORTING ARTISTS

SOME NOTES ON SPORTING ARTISTS

A WORD or two on the artists whose pictures I have reproduced in *Huntsmen Past and Present* may not be out of place. Art is an elastic term, and the position held by the delineator of sport in the world of art has always been something of an anomaly. By his brother artists and the critics he is not taken very seriously, though very much so by his patrons. His public is a critical one, although its criticism is within very definite limits; and no sin against the canons of sport, or inaccuracy of detail, is atoned for by brilliancy of technique.

If, for example, the artist paints an absolutely literal and correct background to his hunting scene, the critic (probably rightly) will complain this is not landscape but topography. But the hunting man, recognizing the view, will recall with pleasure happy days on a favourite horse over that very ground—which the critic would rightly regard as sentiment, not art. The points of view of the painter himself and of his public are, to some extent, divergent, since the former sees the art critic's point of view and the sportsman's also, and between these two stools he often falls. The Old Masters and the greater modern painters have eschewed violent action in their work. It is almost an axiom that violent movement is wrong in a picture, and one instinctively knows it is so. To look for months at a picture on one's walls of, say, a wave that never breaks, or a horse jumping that never lands, drives one to exasperation, if not to drink. Yet how depict the fleeting joy of a hunting run without action? Should the sporting artist, therefore, be forgiven for failing to do what is obviously beyond his powers, or condemned for attempting it? It finally boils down to, What *is* Art?—a question I cannot even attempt to answer.

If we grant that it is permissible to portray action at all, we at once come up against the question whether one should depict what actually takes place, or only what suggests movement? This is a much-debated point. If photographic positions are used, they are still not correct to the eye, because that organ is not as fast as the photographic lens and cannot really see them. One still comes across old-fashioned people who look on the outstretched

horses of John Sturges and his forerunners as suggesting pace better than modern pictures. It is entirely what we are accustomed to. We think the outstretched horses absurd, only because we have become used to the gymnastic attitudes of the photographs in the Press. As the clock cannot be put back, obviously the right thing is to use only photographic positions, but selected with care. In these days, no imaginary gallop will ever please a public which knows from film and photograph the actual movements which take place.

I have always thought it rather curious that the sporting artists of the past, living in an English climate presumably not very different from the present, were peculiarly indifferent to the seasons. In nearly every picture the sun shines; all is neat and clean and clear (except in a few coaching pictures). Henry Alken, whose pictures of the shires are full of "moving accidents by flood and field," whilst over-emphasizing the atmosphere of reckless excitement of "a fast thing," fails to suggest the mud and wet and sweat which usually accompany it. It was reserved to Mr. G. D. Armour, of our own times, to first suggest on paper the dripping hat-brims, turned-up collars, frozen fingers, wet knees, and cold feet which are far more often with us than the sun during an average hunting season.

Although it is easy enough to impeach the credentials of the portrayer of sport in the art world, he holds a sound enough position in the world at large, since his work must always be of some historical, as well as sentimental, value, sport being but contemporary history in miniature. The sporting artist is a delineator of fact (the futurists, I believe, call it representational art). His is the type of mind which directs its energy to the mastery of the one branch it has made its own: moreover, his public insists on fact, hence its historical value—the delineator of sport is, in fact, under discipline. Without James Pollard it would be difficult to reconstruct the coaching days. But every bit of harness, every portion of carriage, postchaise, coach, and their varied accoutrements he reproduced with meticulous accuracy. Hence the historical value of his work, which may not be of very high artistic merit, according to modern notions. Again, the works of Seymour (who died in 1752) have been invaluable to the history of early hunting and racing. Seymour was distinctly a primitive, yet his horses must have been reasonably good

likenesses, or, as Mr. Shaw Sparrow points out in *British Sporting Artists*, he would scarcely have been commissioned three times to paint "Flying Childers" by the two different owners of the horse if his first effort had been a bad likeness.

The work of George Stubbs is not only the first great influence on modern sporting art, but the first entry into the realms of realism. His anatomical research was invaluable to his successors. He neither idealized nor dramatized his animals. He started to study anatomy when eight years old. In 1766 was published his *Anatomy of the Horse*, and *The Medical Review* of the following year said, "We are at loss whether most to admire the artist as dissector, or as a painter of animals."

To me, one of the most remarkable virtues of George Stubbs is that he alone of the older painters did not invariably fall into the error of making his horses' heads ridiculously small. Photography has opened our eyes, not only as to animals in motion, but as to their proportions, for most certainly the camera does not idealize, whatever its other merits may be! If you measure an average well-bred horse in profile, you will find a line from the point of the shoulder to the top of the withers exactly corresponds with the length of the head from nose to poll. I have applied this measurement to sundry of Stubbs's pictures, or rather reproductions; the white horse in "The third Duke of Portland" and the portraits of "Eclipse" and "Soldier by Eclipse" all measure correctly. His horse in the portrait of Richard Slater Milnes is one of the exceptions. Most of Marshall's and some of Ferneley's portraits, however, do not stand this test, and none of Herring's do.

Stubbs was succeeded by many great sporting painters, for "there were giants in those days," but the greatest of these was Ben Marshall.

I. BEN MARSHALL

Born in Leicestershire in 1767, Ben Marshall died in July 1835, and is buried at Bethnal Green. He started his career as a portrait painter and studied under F. L. Abbott. His work pre-eminently shows, I think, greater interest in human than animal models, for his figures, which are extraordinarily good, are full of character and vitality, very rare in animal painters, past or present. In fact, his equestrian portraits differ greatly from those of the

average sporting painter, who usually depicts a horse carrying a man ; but Marshall portrays them in the correct sequence, namely, a man riding a horse. Not that I wish to decry his horses, which are always brilliantly painted ; and he depicted effects of sunlight on his models in a way scarcely attempted by his predecessors. With the sole exception of the grey horse in " Lord Darlington and his Hounds," where the horse's head and neck do not quite seem to fit on (he has obviously been led away by his desire to show an exceptional " front "), his other horses anatomically are exceptionally good, and are individuals and not merely horses. His hounds also are exceptional : they look like foxhounds, and are not all one hound with different markings, as is so apt to be the case in sporting pictures. Although he did well in London, some time about 1793 he went to Newmarket to paint horses, as he said he could get 50 guineas apiece for horse portraits, whilst husbands would not give more than 10 guineas for portraits of their wives !

It is said to be the collector's habit to " follow my leader " in picture buying, but whoever started the boom in Marshalls was no mean judge ; for Marshall was a great artist, and most emphatically did not belong to what a distinguished critic called " that class on the fringes of art known as animal painters " !

II. FERNELEY

Let us continue with Ferneley, a pupil of Ben Marshall, at whose studio in Marylebone he worked for some time. Ferneley probably owes much to his teacher—who does not ? Although a picture of his of the Quorn Hunt recently fetched 1,500 guineas, yet it always seems to me that he still is not appreciated as much as his talent warrants. As great an artist, in the highbrow sense of the word, as Marshall he was not ; but from a sportsman's point of view his work is of equal value. He was a good portrait painter, particularly of horses. He would have made an excellent judge at a horse show. His horses are full of quality and character ; they are individual animals ; for Ferneley never fell into that fatal rut which traps the average horse-painter, of depicting one horse over and over again with a different colour and title. Both Herring and Alken, for example, always drew the same type of horse. Alter the colour of their horses, and you cannot tell t'other from which. Ferneley's picture of Mr. Maxse's " Cognac " is the best study of a nearly

perfect heavyweight hunter I have ever seen. His portrait of Captain Ross on "Clinker" is another perfect example of horse-painting.

I saw recently a watercolour of Ferneley's (a study for the Quorn Hunt picture) on tinted paper (painted about 1832). He had used Chinese white freely, and the sketch was as strong and fresh as if finished yesterday.

Ferneley was born at Thrussington in the Quorn country, the son of the village wheelwright. He also had an artist son, John E. Ferneley, to my thinking a very inferior painter. He it was who depicted the well-known Count Sandor exploits in Leicestershire (published Ackermann 1833). The Count was mounted by Tilbury, who found him eight hunters for the modest sum of £1,000, which included every contingent expense. A study of the pictures of the Count "shivering the timbers," and in every other conceivable way trying to break his or their necks, convinces me that the sum asked was by no means excessive!

Ferneley, I might add, was able to obtain good prices in his lifetime, which is not always the case with painters. He obtained 2,000 guineas for his "Quorn at Quenby" (1823).

III. R. B. DAVIS

Richard Barrett Davis (born in 1782, died in 1854) was one of nine sons born to Richard Davis, huntsman to George III, and elder brother to the famous Charles Davis. His portrait of the latter we reproduce herewith. He studied art at Windsor under Sir William Beechey, the portrait painter, who was for a time Drawing Master to the Royal Family. He does not seem to have hunted, save perhaps on foot, yet his sporting pictures show a knowledge which cannot be acquired second-hand. He painted many famous huntsmen, besides his brother, such as T. Goosey, James Shirley, Will Long, etc. Although he turned out a lot of work he died poor, and it is, therefore, rather an irony that his work continues to increase in popularity and value.

Although his horses are sometimes a bit stiff, particularly in his portrait of T. Goosey, they show a knowledge of anatomy and considerable judgment of make and shape from a horseman's point of view—a virtue which the art critic is apt to ignore but the sportsman cannot but admire. That he was

observant also, we know from his picture of " Hermit," who is shown with very indifferent, not to say crooked, forelegs, which he is reported (I think by " Nimrod ") to have had in real life.

IV. WILLIAM BARRAUD AND HENRY BARRAUD

William Barraud (born 1810, died 1850) studied under Abraham Cooper and painted sporting subjects, whilst his brother, Henry Barraud (born 1811, died 1874), painted the landscape background, etc. Their best-known picture is that of the famous " John Ward on Blue Ruin." To me, both their figures and hounds appear better than their horses, notably " The Favourite Hounds of the seventh Duke of Beaufort," which are excellent. There are three pictures of groups of hunters at grass by the Barrauds at Badminton, but, although the horses are full of character and, doubtless, excellent likenesses, the colour is hot and unpleasant, more particularly when contrasted with the aforementioned hound picture, the small edition of which is hanging in the same room.

V. ROBERT FRAIN OF KELSO

Robert Frain, who had a studio at St. Leonard's, Kelso, painted portraits of the local magnates through the best part of two generations. The son of a local farmer, he showed talent as a boy, being cuffed for making sketches or caricatures of the turnip-singlers, whose labours he was supposed to be supervising. By hook or by crook he made his way to Paris, where he was regularly trained as an artist, having William Makepeace Thackeray as one of his fellow-students. Returning to Kelso, he set up for himself.

I, personally, have seen only one picture by Robert Frain which was good ; but I am told he produced many indifferent portraits, although his best were very good indeed and may be seen in most of the big houses of the Borderland.

HUNTSMEN OF THE PAST



TOM OLDAKER

(The Berkeley)

TOM OLDAKER

HUNTSMAN TO THE BERKELEY

Born 1751 ; died 1831

THIS famous huntsman was born in 1751, and died in 1831, at the age of 81, at Gerrard's Cross, where he lived after he retired from service at a cottage presented to him by the members of the Old Berkeley Hunt. It was appropriately called Berkeley Cottage, and stood next the Rectory, near the old kennels, now the Pack Horse Inn.

He was buried at Chalfont St. Peters, and his headstone says "Thomas Oldaker, a much respected member of this parish." Oldaker was huntsman of the (fifth) Earl of Berkeley's hounds for thirty-two years. This Hunt was apparently (temporarily) given up in 1794. In 1807, Colonel Berkeley (afterwards Earl Fitzhardinge) started the pack which exists to this day in Gloucestershire. But, in the meantime, Oldaker migrated to Gerrard's Cross and hunted the Old Berkeley, his last Master being Mr. Harvey Combe, who hunted that country from 1820 to 1833.

Oldaker was twice painted by Ben Marshall on "Pickle," and again on a horse called "Brush" (reproduced herewith). Both the Old Berkeley and the Earl of Berkeley's huntservants wore, and still wear, yellow coats. These coats were originally plush, and this yellow (tawny) is most attractive in a winter landscape. There was a considerable variety in old-time huntservants' liveries before pink became nearly universal. For example, there is a picture of Peter Beckford's hounds, with Steepleton in the distance, by F. Sartorius, in which they wear cream or pale buff. It is possible they wore white (I have read somewhere there was a Hunt with a white uniform, but cannot find the reference), and that time and varnish have now reduced Sartorius's colour to buff.

The Earl of Berkeley's Hunt dates from 1613; but the existing pack, as before stated, started 1807 only. The Old Berkeley dates from the eighteenth century, and was hunted by successive Earls of Berkeley up to 1801, when it became a subscription pack.

I extract the following from *Reminiscences of a Huntsman*, published 1854 :—

“Scraton Wood, a cover close to Wormwood Scrubbs, was the nearest cover to London ; but I have heard old Tom Oldaker say that, while with my father, he found a fox in Scraton Wood and lost him on the rough ground and cover in Kensington Gardens.”

The fifth Earl of Berkeley hunted from London to Berkeley in Gloucestershire, having kennels at Cranford (Middlesex), Gerrard's Cross (Bucks), Nettle's Cross (Oxon), and Berkeley Castle (Glos). The fifth Earl died in 1857. The last fox killed in Kensington Gardens was in 1796.

Oldaker's celebrated hunter “Brush,” a bright bay gelding, was bred in Whittlebury Forest, and ran wild and unbroken until six years old. Having a strong will of his own, he was sold at auction for what he would fetch—£60 was paid for him by Lord Berkeley. Oldaker made a perfect snaffle-mouthed hunter of him, and rode him for seventeen seasons. He died after a severe hunt from Scraton Wood. Charles Davis, the King's huntsman, said of this horse that he was like two horses (having seen him at the death of a second fox, when all the other people's second horses were beat !). Thomas Elmore, the groom who looked after “Brush,” is buried alongside Oldaker.

I might add Tom Oldaker was also painted by J. N. Sartorius on a horse called “Magic,” and I believe I have seen somewhere a print of him on yet another horse, by Sartorius, besides Marshall's pictures.



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JOHN PEELE

JOHN PEEL

Born Sept. 24, 1777 ; died 1854

THE time-honoured story of the unmusical sportsman who said he knew only two tunes, one of which was "John Peel" and the other wasn't, is but another testimony to the universal popularity of that stirring melody—a tune which is known from Pole to Pole and, incidentally, is the regimental march of the Border Regiment. The song was written by John Woodcock Graves, in conjunction with the immortal John himself, at Midtown House, in 1832. Whether Boswell made Johnson, or vice versa, equally applies to John Peel. Should we ever have heard of John Peel save for the song? I doubt it. John Peel's was no famous pack, in no fashionable country. On the contrary, the pack was his own, hunted at his own expense and in an out-of-the-way part of the world. It is stated that hounds cost him £40 per annum. It sounds inexpensive, but the pound was worth more in those days, and, anyway, his total income was only about £500 per annum.

The country hunted by Peel was that now hunted by the Blencathra Hunt, or, according to Mr. Richard Clapham's book, *Foxes, Foxhounds and Foxhunting*, it was the country now hunted by the Cumberland Hunt. Peel rode to hounds, except when obliged to take to his feet, which would appear to have been fairly often! One of his horses, "Dunny," is still remembered by his descendants. A large portion of the pack (12 couples) were kept at walk, or rather, trencher fed, so that the "sound of his horn" had peculiar significance, as that was the way they were collected on hunting mornings. This is the case at the present time with the few trencher-fed packs that still exist. John Peel's hounds hunted two days a week, but for a time he apparently was huntsman to Sir Frederick Vane, and during that time had a wonderful hunt which is said to have covered 70 miles. This would be in 1829. It is recorded of Peel that he rode with an exceptionally short stirrup. His hat was white beaver, and his coat, of grey Herdwick cloth, came down to his knees; he usually carried both his whip and his curved horn in his right hand. He wore corduroy breeches, long stockings, shoes, and one spur only. Another account says he had a large box-hat, and

that he wore hunting boots without "tops" to them. Peel's son, however, occasionally hunted in pink, that "coat so gay," which is a point of dispute to this day, although we have it on quite definite authority that John Peel wore a *grey* coat.

One of Peel's greatest hunts took place in January 1848. It is said to have been 60 miles. Old John's horse gave out, so he then appropriated his son's hunter. Besides Peel himself only three others saw the end, two of whom had apparently "nicked in." I do not think the time on this occasion has been recorded; but even if it lasted from dawn to dusk—and distances *have* been stretched a bit—it still remains a remarkable performance. In February 1812 they had a great hunt in a frost for eleven hours, only two sportsmen and one-and-a-half couple of hounds being left at the end, when they lost their fox in the darkness. The whole of this hunt was on foot.

If John Peel was of a somewhat convivial disposition it is scarcely surprising. Fell hunting is no child's play; and hunting of any sort, but more especially hunting on foot, generates a thirst. As the Master of Game has it, "Hunters eat little and sweat always."

Peel died, aged 78, on November 13, 1854, and is buried in Caldbeck churchyard. The Cumberland foxhounds, some years ago now, it is true, at the end of a long hunt ran a fox in full cry over John Peel's grave and killed it just outside the churchyard wall—a tribute, perhaps, to that old sportsman whose—

View holloa would awaken the dead
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

Those superior persons who are inclined to smile at the idea of hunting in Cumberland I would refer to *Baily's Hunting Directory*, to see what a number of packs hunt in that county, and to their atlases, to remind them that, although they will see marked thereon both Skiddaw and Helvellyn, they will also find between the Solway and the hills a large stretch of country, mostly grass, of which local sportsmen are justly proud.

In conclusion, let me add that I am greatly indebted to Mr. Hugh Machel's *John Peel* for most of the information contained herein.

exceptionally fair to the hunted fox. He invariably drew his covers down wind to save any risk of chopping a fox, for example.

Another such real sportsman was merry John Walker, huntsman to the Fife hounds. He it was who said, when someone holloa'd a sinking fox, "No holloaing, please! If hounds cannot catch him without that, let him live!"

To return to Williamson: his portrait was painted twice with hounds and on horseback. One picture is at Bowhill; the other is owned by the Williamson family and is, I believe, at Galashiels. The illustration here reproduced is by Robert Frain of Kelso, who was a well-known portrait painter in the south of Scotland. The "Druid" tells us that Williamson is here seen on "Snip."

In addition to Robert Frain's picture, there is at Bowhill, Selkirk, a picture of Williamson (mentioned above) by Sir Francis Grant, in which he is represented on a bay horse called "Sam Slick," at a meet, with his hunting cap raised, evidently in salute of his ducal master. There are also various hounds introduced, not quite so skilfully painted as horse and rider. There is, at the same house, another picture by this artist, a sketch in oils, yet very highly finished, 1 ft. by 2 ft. 6 ins., of a hill-run with the Duke of Buccleuch's. It is the preliminary sketch for the picture at Duns Castle. Besides introducing the Duke and other local celebrities, it depicts Williamson on a white horse. In style, the picture is very like Ferneley, but the horses are scarcely as good. All the same, it is a most spirited picture, and the landscape extremely well done and most typical of that lonely grass country.

There is also at Bowhill a picture by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., of Shore, Williamson's successor, and one by Fiddes Watts, R.S.A., of the present huntsman, Summers.

Referring once again to Williamson's wonderful economy in running a hunting establishment, I know of one similar modern instance. The Master of a West Country pack told me that on his return from the war he said to his huntsman, "We ought now to square up any outstanding accounts." To which his huntsman replied, "On the contrary, sir, I must give you a cheque for the money we have saved in running these kennels in wartime!"

In *Fern and Field* the "Druid" gives some interesting information about

Williamson. He gave up the horn in 1862 on completion of his sixtieth season with hounds. He was "bred up from a month old" at Pencaithland, six miles from Haddington, his father being groom to Colonel Hamilton, who, with Mr. Baird, jointly hunted East Lothian. Little Will (all his life he *never* weighed more than 9 stone 10 lbs.) first felt the lure of the chase when riding pad groom to the Colonel. He slipped his master, who was talking to a farmer, and followed the passing hounds, to be well up at the end at Ormiston Wood. The Colonel told his father not to be angry with the lad. Shortly afterwards Mr. Baird became O.C. E. & W. Lothian Fencible Cavalry, and Will went soldiering with him through England in 1799. At 20, Will became second whip to the Duke, with Frank Collisson as first whip and John King as huntsman. As already mentioned, he married John King's daughter. Mr. Baird at this time managed hounds for His Grace, and they had kennels at Dalkeith, with Pencaithland and Newbyth as outlying kennels. Mr. Hay mounted Will the only season he had in the Midlands, where he saw Tom Sebright and Dick Burton at work. He also saw "Gentleman Shaw," his only comment on him being that "he got well into his boots." Liston, the great surgeon, was, according to Will, nearly as good a horseman as he was a surgeon, and Will used to say he owed his good health to the fact that Liston looked after him. Will liked the Lammermoor and Cheviot country. "There were my best foxes, that's my taste; it's not a common one," he used to say—with which latter remark a modern field will, doubtless, agree!

In the late J. H. Rutherford's *History of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hunt* there is also some information about Will Williamson. In 1813-14 the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hunt for a time ceased to exist, owing to shortage of foxes and to the number of followers serving abroad in the Peninsular War. So, from 1814 to 1825, the country was hunted by the Lothian (now Duke of Buccleuch's), with W. Williamson as huntsman, and kennels at Winchburgh. The first fox he killed was from a meet at Armadale Tollbar, killing near Callendar Woods (near Falkirk). During this period they hunted a part of Berwickshire and the entire counties of Haddington, Linlithgow, and Edinburgh. So fond did Will become of the Linlithgow portion of the country (only visited in November and March) that he would

never allow the possibility of its being taken away, which, nevertheless, it was on the re-establishment of the Old Linlithgow and Stirling Hunt in 1825.

Williamson died February 11, 1870, aged 88, and is buried at Pencaithland, where also he was born.

I have elsewhere alluded to the long service of the three huntsmen to the Dukes of Buccleuch. Their unswerving service to their masters is a proof of the kindly attitude between these masters and men. If any further proof is needed, let me quote a letter from Williamson to his master, November 10, 1862 :—

“ May it please Your Grace—I beg to say, etc. etc. It is with the sincerest gratitude that I conjure up all the benefits I have received from you, but as the case is without a parallel between master and servant, it masters me to enter upon it, and I can only conclude, Your Grace, by reiterating what has been a thousand times my standing toast, ‘ The Duke ! God bless him ! ’ ”

Among the many anecdotes related by Williamson, the following clearly indicates his opinion of Scotch gamekeepers (which I expect would be endorsed by not a few modern huntsmen also !). During a dispute over “ stopping ” money, which was being negotiated for him by his whipper-in, he exclaimed, “ Dinna ye pay him ! Ye might as well try to reconcile the Deil with Redemption as a Highlander wi’ a fox ! ”

On being asked his opinion of the qualifications of one Jock Hutchinson as whipper-in, he replied, “ Talk of whippers-in doing as they’re told, Jock anticipates every thocht ! ” “ Some ” praise, yet I believe Jock did not live up to his reputation for very long.

Williamson used to buy spoilt pieces and give them to farmers’ wives and others who had lost poultry. He promised a gown to one Mrs. Kerp, as she never complained of poultry losses. The gown was duly presented, with the remark that she deserved it, as *she* didn’t complain of foxes taking her fowls. She thanked Williamson, and then added, “ I dinna keep hens ! ”

Williamson once obtained from a racing stable a boy with a red face, red hair, and enormous ears. When he first saw the lad in a hunting cap, he exclaimed, “ Tuck in yer lugs (ears), tuck in yer lugs ! What would His Grace say ! ” Williamson’s opinion of his own brother, a distinguished Colonel in the H.E.I. Company’s service, is rather typical : “ He’s a worthy creetur, but a verra poor man wi’ a horse ! ”

Sir Francis Grant used to tell this story of Williamson. When the latter was leaving Grant's studio to go and see his master at his town house, he was overheard saying to the cabby, "Have ye ever heerd tell o' a place carled Belgrave Square?" His successor, Shore, used to relate that Williamson once said to his master, "Your Grace may dismiss me, but I'll ne'er retire!"

Three huntsmen in one hundred years is a wonderful record of service. One has but to look at the portraits of Williamson, Shore, and Summers to see that within the limits of their profession these were great men, and that they were fortunate in the artists who depicted them. Williamson had the face of a country gentleman, but Shore that of a divine. Indeed, Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., when painting his portrait, one day covered his scarlet coat with a newspaper, remarking, "You have missed your vocation, for with a head such as yours you should have been at least a Cardinal!" Shore was originally a Fife gamekeeper, and, on being offered the job of head keeper, declined with apologies, saying he had just accepted the job of second whip to the hounds. He then went to the Brocklesby, who gave him a great "character" on his going to the Buccleuch as huntsman. Shore, like his predecessor, was a man of affairs, a great economist, and successfully undertook the charge of the entire establishment.

George Summers, the present huntsman, started as second whip Chiddingfold 1887-91, first whip Chiddingfold 1891-92, second whip Duke of Buccleuch's 1892-94, first whip 1894-1902, huntsman 1902 to present date. In addition to being a huntsman quite in the front rank, he is a great cricketer, and has captained the local village team with great success against the larger local industrial centres. He is also an excellent shot, and a very keen fisherman.

The Buccleuch country (according to *Baily*) lies in Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Berwickshire, and is about 35 per cent. pasture, 30 per cent. moor, 25 per cent. plough, and 10 per cent. woodland; wire is completely absent. In the sense of barbed wire, this is so, but many of the hedges are wired for sheep. As there are jumping places in most, it is scarcely noticeable. The hill country is divided by walls; it is a grass country and hilly, and has the chief essential for foxhunting, i.e. a natural wildness. It is quite without "the huntsman's horror," a man in every field. Consequently, foxes are seldom

“headed,” and good points often occur. It has been less interfered with by motor roads, railways and industrialization than most countries, and probably in most essentials has changed but little since Williamson’s day. It has, moreover, a charm peculiar to the Border country, which, though indefinable and difficult to describe, puts its seal on the men bred within it. Although formerly distracted by Border warfare, it is now a land of peace. There is a story that even a farmer was once contented in it. “Ministers,” he said, “may talk of Heevin ; commend me to Bowerhope. I cud tak’ a lease o’t to a’ eternity !” adding, with Scottish caution, “at a reasonable rent !”



CHARLES DAVIS

(His Majesty's Staghounds)

CHARLES DAVIS

HUNTSMAN TO HIS MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS

Born 1788 ; died 1867, aged 79

“NIMROD's” description of him is as follows :—

“I scarcely know how to do justice to the character and deportment of this person. He may be said to mingle the duties and station of a servant with the good breeding and general character of a gentleman to an extent very rarely experienced, and which has obtained for him universal respect. . . . As a huntsman I feel unequal to speak of him from my own personal observation, but by general assent he is admitted to be equal to all that is required of him—as a horseman he is perfect, always in his place without upsetting his horse, and has the eye of a lynx to his country and hounds. He is here represented on his noble grey horse, ‘Hermit’ (*“Nimrod” is speaking of Sir Francis Grant's picture of the meet on Ascot Heath, but it applies equally to our illustration*). The following account of this extraordinary horse has been sent to me by a friend who has ridden many times in his company. He is called ‘Hermit’ because (*from here I abbreviate*) he was bought of Mr. Gates of the Hermitage, Guildford. His sire was ‘Greyskin,’ his dam a white mare, pedigree unknown. He was then six years old, and cost 150 guineas, which was considered a good price, as he had very crooked forelegs (*see picture*). His performances were no less extraordinary than his form. For the first hour he was a most violent devil, and took his leaps wildly, but later sobers down to a straightforward hunter, and shines when others tire. For his first three seasons he never fell with Davis, but later gave him three bad falls in one season, hurting him seriously each time.”

Charles Davis was portrayed many times (his brother was an artist). Our picture is by this brother, R. Davis, but probably Sir Francis Grant's picture is the best known. Personally, I like Barraud's picture of him on “Traverser” the best. I believe there is yet another of him on a short-tailed mare called “Columbine,” but I have never seen it.

Charles Davis began very young, and started life as second whip to his

father, who was huntsman to the King's Harriers (George III). He became first whip to the King's Foxhounds in 1817, and huntsman to the Royal Buckhounds in 1822.

Davis weighed 10 stone, and his good looks gave him his start in life. One day, returning from school at Windsor, he was met by the King in the Cloisters at the Castle. The King spoke to him and took a fancy to him, and asked him what he was going to do. The boy said he should like to go hunting, and the King, finding he was his huntsman's son, it came about he became whip (under his father).

But Davis must have found time for book learning, because we know the few letters of his (which Lord Ribblesdale mentions as having seen) show him to have been a man of education. From *Staghunting Recollections* (the Queen's Hounds) we learn that his temper was hasty, his language, if he saw anyone riding unfairly, strong and not always Parliamentary. He was a perfect gentleman in appearance, manner, and conversation; his hounds loved him, and the prettiest part of a day (when a check occurred) was to see them fly to his call. "He used to ride over a country very easy, and never seemed to distress his horse." He liked a clean, well-bred horse, "and was master of him, his men and his field and his hounds. Respected by everyone, his word was law, his hounds he loved, and woe be to the man who rode over one !

"Perhaps Davis took himself a little seriously. He read the newspapers religiously, went to church regularly, never had a horse out on Sundays, made an excellent speech, and favoured the Whigs in politics !"

For some years before he actually resigned, failing health and increasing years had led to arrangements with King (his first whip), by which Davis only went out hunting, and remained out, for his own pleasure. In 1866 he had a bad fall and hurt his leg, and at the end of the season he asked leave to retire, and Harry King was appointed in his place. He died at Ascot on October 26, 1867, of bronchitis in his 79th year. He left no family. To quote Lord Ribblesdale, "Il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire, but within the possibilities of this unimpeachable aphorism, it was manifest that his death made a gap, and that his life had made quite a particular impression upon a considerable public." Nor is he yet quite forgotten. Possibly the pictures

of him, still so often seen, may have something to do with it, but one likes to think that it is his "straightness in private life, his perfect manners, his good looks and perfect horsemanship, that have made his memory long outlive the pack he hunted, and the country he rode over, which, or at any rate much of it, is now part of greater London." (See *Hunting and Stalking the Deer*, published by Longmans Green & Co. 1927.)

RICHARD BURTON

HUNTSMAN TO THE TIDWORTH

Born 1787; died at Quorn

I FEEL some hesitation in including Dick Burton among famous huntsmen, but, associated as he was with Osbaldeston and Thomas Assheton Smith, the glamour of his name makes him a celebrity fit to be ranked with Jack Stevens and Tom Jordan, who were two of the best whippers-in ever known, although they made no mark as huntsmen.

It may here be remarked that, although Osbaldeston made a tremendous reputation as an all-round sportsman, and was twice Master of the Quorn, he does not seem to have been so successful as a huntsman as he was in other things. There were, most certainly, two opinions on this point. Let me quote, for example, this well-known satirical rhyme with reference to him :—

Who is this trumpeter blowing his horn ?
That is the trumpeter coming from Quorn,
The very worst huntsman that *ever* was born !

W. C. A. Blew's *The Quorn Hunt and Its Masters* specifically mentions Burton as one who, although an excellent whip, turned out a poor huntsman, and neither he nor his hounds gave satisfaction to Quorn followers. Yet he was with the Quorn some time. His record was as follows :—

1807-17. With T. Assheton Smith as first whip to the Quorn.

1817-25. With Osbaldeston and the Quorn as first whip.

1826. Huntsman to the Quorn under Lord Southampton.

1827-39. With T. Assheton Smith as huntsman to the Tidworth, part of the time only.

1840-41. With Lord Ducie (V.W.H.).

1842-52. As huntsman to the Burton under Lord Henry Bentinck's Mastership.

Lord Henry Bentinck was a very stern critic, yet thought very highly of Burton. He says : " Old Dick Burton was my first huntsman in the Burton country, and showed great sport for many years. He was the best hand at breaking a pack of hounds from hares and teaching them to draw, upon



RICHARD BURTON

(The Tidworth)

which so much depends. He always drew his woods up the wind, throwing in his hounds fifty or sixty yards from the wood, and allowing them to spread, so that every hound should be busy with his head down, looking for the fox, while he had them in his front, making just noise enough to cheer them and enable them to know where he was.

“In cubhunting he made his hounds find their cub for themselves, and would not have him at first holloa’d across the rides. Nothing is truer than the old saying, ‘A fox well found is half killed.’ He would trot through a hollow covert with his hounds behind him, occasionally blowing his horn to wake up any chance fox, and as quickly as possible get his hounds into the thick cover, where they could not use their eyes, and there give them as much time as they liked. Blackthorn and gorse covers he would always draw *down wind*, keeping behind his hounds. By so doing the hounds have their heads down and never ‘chop’ a fox; on hearing them, the wildest fox is off at once, and the cubs learn, and steal away after hounds have gone. It further enables the huntsman to get the body and the tail hounds out of cover without hunting the line of the fox through strong gorse, and brings the two ends together and away on the back of the old fox, which is the true secret of getting a fast burst.

“No man could turn out a highly mettled pack of foxhounds better or more steadily from hares than old Dick Burton. Old Dick’s principle was to break his puppies by themselves, showing them all the ‘riot’ he could in the summer, and drilling them severely. But he never allowed a whip to flog after they had come to his heels, nor to flog them coming out of a wood and cut them off. After they had been well drilled, he would take them among the cubs and smash up a litter, bleeding them up to the eyes, and make them forget punishment and care for nothing but fox.

“It is only fair to say, in justice to Dick Burton, that Lord Southampton, who promoted him from the position of first whip (which he had been to Assheton Smith and Osbaldeston), filled his kennels with drafts from the Belvoir, New Forest and Osbaldeston’s. We all know what draft hounds are apt to contain among their number! Reasonable latitude must, therefore, be allowed to a huntsman who started under so great a handicap with regard to hounds. His later years proved he could show sport and kill foxes elsewhere.”

In conclusion, let us bear in mind that the highest praise that can be given to a huntsman is for a fool to say, "We had a great run and killed our fox ; as for the huntsman, he might just as well have been in bed !" (Extract from a letter taken from *The Life of Henry Chaplin*.)

I hope you will forgive me for including Old Dick. I think you will agree he is worth it, even if he did not please the gay Meltonians !

(Besides the picture here reproduced, there is a picture of Burton as huntsman to the Quorn, painted by William Nedham, 1826.)



THOMAS GOOSEY

(The Belvoir)

THOMAS GOOSEY

HUNTSMAN TO THE BELVOIR HOUNDS, 1816-1835

Born 1796 (?) ; died Aug. 8, 1847

IN the year 1816 "Gentleman" Shaw, huntsman to the Belvoir, retired, but a man had been trained in his school to succeed him. This was Thomas Goosey, who became huntsman to the Belvoir the same year. It proved such a shocking bad season that, "had Goosey been huntsman to a subscription pack, he might never have had the chance of making a name for himself, at any rate in that country." But the Duke of Rutland was not to be disturbed in his choice by the accident of weather, and, as Goosey himself would have said, "I beg leave to say" that no more useful huntsman than Thomas Goosey ever carried a horn.

Like all the great Belvoir huntsmen, he was a man of character and rectitude, and his honesty was marked. He was singularly good-looking, as his portrait shows. The season 1817-18 is said in the records to have been the best ever known in the Belvoir country up to that date. Hounds for weeks regularly accounted for their foxes. On January 19 Goosey had the first of his great runs, from Ropsley Rise to Barrowby Thorns. Only the Master and huntsman were with them at the end (for details see *History of the Belvoir Hunt*, p. 102). After this a period of great sport set in. Each year the hounds improved, for Goosey was a great man for "quality" (he was a good kennel huntsman). In 1821-22 he hunted 120 days, August 7 to April 6, only stopped once by frost.

Lord Forester, who took over the Belvoir in 1830, retained for a time Goosey as huntsman. He had then been many years with that pack, and was established as one of the leading huntsmen of the day. He was still a powerful horseman, and had a marvellous constitution and a very hard head. He was a polite man with his field, and his severest remark was "You jumped on that hound, sir, and I beg leave to say that you buried him as well!"

In 1832 a fox found in Goadby Gorse ran by Stapleford into Orton Park Wood in 50 minutes, the pace being tremendous. They then hunted slowly

to Touch Hill Gorse, and killed him after another racing 20 minutes. This was, according to Lord Forester, a 17-mile point.

But Goosey's time was drawing to a close, and on April 8, 1835, he received a testimonial. He was presented with a handsome silver cup, etc. On it was "To Thomas Goosey, nearly 20 years Huntsman to the Belvoir Hounds. This cup is presented by certain noblemen and gentlemen as a tribute to his true sportsmanlike qualities, April 8, 1835."

The following description of Goosey is from the words of Mr. John Mills, "He may fitly be described as the Duke of Wellington of his order. His years number nearly three score and ten, 37 of which have been passed in the service of his present master. Time has frosted each particular hackle upon his brow, but his eyes are bright as an eagle's . . . of middle height and slender, he is a good figure for a horse."

To be huntsman to Lord Forester was, indeed, no light task for the physical endurance of any man, for we have Will Goodall's authority for saying that his Lordship *would never leave off as long as he could see the hounds*. In 1842, Goosey went as kennel huntsman to Sir Richard Sutton. He came back later to end his days under the shadow of Belvoir Castle. He died at Knipton, and is buried in that churchyard. The vicar writes that Goosey's tombstone says, "Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Ann Goosey, wife of T. Goosey, who died April 6, 1837, and Thomas Goosey, many years huntsman to His Grace the Duke of Rutland, died August 8, 1847."

Thomas Goosey, by the way, was responsible for the famous remark, "I beg leave to say the fox is a toddling animal," an axiom which might be hung up in many a provincial kennel with advantage.

Our illustration is from a damaged print from a picture by John Ferneley, and shows Goosey dismounted and seated, and hounds marking a fox to ground. The complete absence in this picture of the famous Belvoir tan, now the hall-mark of that kennel, is interesting. To quote Lord Bathurst (*Breeding of Foxhounds*), "Fashion has decreed that the colour of our modern foxhound must be of the Belvoir tan, and by that term the Belvoir tan has become so much exaggerated that a hound of correct Belvoir tan has hardly any white left on him. The all-tan is a modern development of the last 50 or 60 years." One can see in the *History of the Belvoir Hunt*, by

T. F. Dale, two pictures of the Belvoir hounds by J. E. Ferneley, one of about the date 1858, and the other dated 1864. In both these pictures the hounds have a great deal of white about them, especially about their necks and shoulders, very different from the admired type of to-day. In Lord Bathurst's book there is a list of hounds other than of the Belvoir tan of those days between the years 1859 to 1879. In the first ten years there were nine couples of either blue, black, grey, lemon, or white hounds; from 1870 to 1879 three-and-a-half couples, and from 1879 to 1897 one lemon-coloured hound. This shows how the colour has been bred out; or, if not entirely bred out, if any whelps of a light colour should appear, which must sometimes happen, they are, of course, instantly knocked on the head. To quote Lord Bathurst again, "I believe this fashion for the tan colour has done an immense amount of harm. It has caused the destruction of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of whelps which might have been as good as the 'Brocklesby Rallywood' (1843), 'Brocklesby Ruler' (1844), a yellow pie, or Mr. Osbaldeston's 'Furrier' (1820), who was a very black and white hound, or the 'Berkeley Cromwell' (1855), a white hound."

There is also another picture of Goosey, perhaps even better known, by R. B. Davis, which shows him, cap in hand, cheering his hounds from the back of a very wooden horse.

Much of the information contained herein is from Dale's *History of the Belvoir Hunt*.

JOE MAIDEN

HUNTSMAN TO THE CHESHIRE, 1832-1844

Born 1795 ; died 1864

JOE MAIDEN was born at Linley in Shropshire in 1795, and probably no braver huntsman ever lived. His grandfather was huntsman to Mr. Forester, the Wheatland, about 1720. Whilst at the Atherstone Kennels he one day slipped into the boiler, and, although out again instantly, his left leg was so terribly scalded that his calf came away with the stocking, exposing the bone ! As a result, the muscles contracted, and Joe Maiden had to ride with one stirrup shorter than the other. He broke this bad leg twice, and had several pieces of bone removed; yet, in spite of the fact that often he could not sleep for pain, he continued to go like a bird on five days a week.

There were some desperate thrusters in Cheshire, but Joe Maiden on his famous "Pevorette," or "Peoverette" (see *Bell's Life*), was uncatchable. She was by a horse called "Astbury," out of a Fylderer mare. On one occasion, he *was* fairly caught by Mr. William Tollemache, at the end of a great run from Combermore Abbey to near Whitchurch (Salop). Maiden dashed up a lane, jumping five gates in quick succession. "Drat you, Joe ! You thought to shake me off, did you ?" said Mr. Tollemache, landing over the last gate beside him. "Well, sir, I did, but I'll have no more gates !" was the rejoinder. (From G. T. Burrow's *Cheshire Hunt*.)

Maiden's best run was on November 25, 1842. He rode three horses and finished on a hack. The fox left Darley's Gorse at 11.30 a.m., and got into a big double ditch near Brereton's Gorse for an hour, where a farmer and his men with pitchforks prevented Joe doing much to aid his hounds. Nevertheless, this fox eventually went away, and was killed by moonlight after a 25-mile point. In Mr. Geoffrey Shakerley's Hunting Diary (M.F.H. the Cheshire, 1837-38), I find an entry under November 16, 1837. "Wrenbury. A great hunt from Magor's Gorse. Maiden's horse, 'Sir Patrick,' gave out near Whitchurch, and Joe stopped to bleed him !" (This is the only occasion I have come across such an incident.) "The Master went on with hounds, and Maiden overtook him again on a fresh horse (called 'Long



JOE MAIDEN

(The Cheshire)

Tom Hewitt'). They killed their fox near Bradley Hall, 2 hours, 55 minutes the first part; changed foxes, second part, 2 hours, 5 minutes." "The most brilliant day's sport I ever saw!" says the diary.

Maiden went to Cheshire in 1832. He was huntsman to the Cheshire during the following Masterships:—

Sir H. Mainwaring	1818-37
Mr. G. Shakerley	1837-39
Messrs. Smith Barry and J. Dixon	1839-40
Mr. C. Ford	1840-41
Captain John White	1841-55

Maiden's famous horse "Pevorette" was bought by him for the Hunt for the modest sum of £35 (she had broken knees). She, nevertheless, never gave Joe a fall for eight seasons over the Vale of Chester.

Joe Maiden left the Cheshire in 1844, but we must not omit his famous partner, Tom Rance, he of "the single eye worth many another's two." This famous whipper-in was a character also, and very popular. On leaving the Cheshire in 1861, on account of his one eye failing him, he was presented with £500.

When Joe was their huntsman, and Tom their first whip,
Who then could the chosen of Cheshire outstrip?

After Joe left the Cheshire he went to Mr. Bromley Davenport, M.F.H. the North Staffordshire. Whilst there he caught cold in his bad leg and it mortified. The leg was amputated in 1855, and he then rode to hounds with a false leg, for another seven years, as well as ever, having demonstrated incidentally his ability so to do on a trial outing at Knightsbridge, on a horse lent him for the purpose by Mr. Edmund Tattersall.

I am indebted to Colonel Rivers Bulkeley and Mr. Harry Maiden for the rest of my information about Maiden.

Joe Maiden as a boy of 14 whipped-in to a pack of harriers, kept by Mr. Whitmore of Apley, near Bridgenorth.

He then lived with Mr. Garford.

Then became second whip to Lord Middleton in Warwickshire.

Then he went to Mr. Hornyold, under Stephen Goodall, huntsman, in Worcestershire.

Then to Sir Bellingham Graham, under Voking, huntsman (the Enville Country), Albrighton.

Then as huntsman to Sir Clifford Constable's staghounds at Tixall in Staffordshire. Then to Mr. Shaw at Tamworth in the Atherstone country. This was where he scalded his leg. It was in 1832 he went to Sir H. Mainwaring as huntsman, and he continued on as huntsman to the Cheshire until 1844, when he took the Bluecap Inn at Sandiway Head for two years. He then went back to hounds as huntsman to Mr. Bromley Davenport, the North Staffordshire. He retired in 1863, and died October 20, 1864. Just before his death he asked Mr. Davenport to have him buried in Maer Churchyard, "so that the foxes might come and sport over his grave," and, curiously enough, his old pack, the season after his death, killed a fox on his grave.

From *Bell's Life*, November 5, 1864, I take the following, abbreviated somewhat :—

"Another favourite horse of Maiden's was 'Corporal,' by 'Irish Starch.' He was only 15.1, and pulled a great deal. He cost £25 with broken knees thrown in, but was untirable over sticky plough country, and was subsequently bought during a change of Masters for £500. Another great horse was 'Whipcord,' who carried him through a great run which ended at Carden in Wales. The hounds were lost in this hunt for two hours, until the huntsman met them running hard by moonlight. He had a job to stop them, and arrived back at kennels at 1 a.m. Maiden's best run in his own opinion was from Darby Hall to Kerringham, near Macclesfield, point-to-point 16 miles, as hounds ran 40. They crossed the Ashbrook, the Weaver, the Wheelock Canal, the Crewe and Manchester railway, and the river Dove three times!" He also had an extraordinary run whilst with the North Staffordshire, finding at Diddington and killing at Swinerton, time two hours and ten minutes. He also often spoke of a run from Stoke Heath (in the Potteries), and killing at Wem in Salop, a slow hunt of five hours, horses never out of a canter and hounds on their noses all the way. On one occasion in the Vale of Chester Maiden cleared 33½ feet on a mare called "Wonder" over some rails.

As evidence of the esteem in which he was held, he was, during his life, recipient of several testimonials, the two greatest being a cup and £250 at a dinner at the Bluecap Inn, Sir Charles Brooke in the chair, and another given

at Mr. Davenport's house in 1857, with £750 added. The mantle of the father descended on three of his sons ; he had also two others, one of whom became a successful veterinary surgeon.

Not long ago, I had a cutting sent me entitled " Heredity," in connection with the retirement of *Will Maiden*, after 22 years' service with the South Dorset Hunt. The *first Will Maiden* started in 1849 as second whipper-in to his father, Joe Maiden, and was killed through being thrown from his horse when with the H.H. ; his son, the second Will Maiden, started life with the Berks Vale Harriers, and went to the South Dorset in 1904, having had altogether 46 years' service as a huntservant. His son, a third Will Maiden, was first whip to the Meynell. Jim Maiden, another son of old Joe's sons, hunted hounds mostly in Ireland (the Meath, Tipperary, and Wexford). Harry Maiden, formerly a whip to the Belvoir, is Jim Maiden's son.

A very interesting family record !

TOM HILLS

HUNTSMAN TO THE SURREY FOXHOUNDS

Born 1796 ; died 1873

THIS picture, by W. and H. Barraud, depicts Tom Hills on "Lounger"; Morris Hills, his son, on "Paddy"; and Peckham Hills, his brother, on "Factor." Five of Tom's sons entered the same profession, and one, Sam, became almost equally famous, succeeding his father as huntsman.

Tom Hills was rather a remarkable man—a brilliant cricketer, an excellent boxer, and extraordinarily quick-witted. He it was who, on being stopped by a highwayman on Streatham Common, when returning with a bag fox from Leadenhall market, told the knight of the road to help himself—which, of course, when the latter tried to do so, resulted in his getting bitten ! Whilst he was cursing and wringing his fingers, Tom coolly cantered off ! He remarked afterwards, "I could have easy downed him with my hunting crop, but I wanted to see a bit of sport !"

Hills once fought an Homeric battle with a gamekeeper called Deakins, whom he suspected of vulpicide. He beat him, although the keeper was much younger. They afterwards became excellent friends and the keeper a better fox-preserve.

Tom Hills, in his early days—not then perhaps such a heavyweight—was second horseman to Mr. Maberley, who sent him to Leicestershire (1814), where Tom made a reputation for himself by his brilliant riding. Later on, as huntsman to the Surrey, he put on weight, and said of himself, when someone queried the ability of his horses to carry him, "Ah, but you see they are afraid to fall in case I roll on 'em !" He used a bugle, and used to play his fox away with some such tune as "The young May moon is beaming love," but in his later years he used the straight hunting horn. He never liked the latter, but as he broke three ribs by falling on the former variety (carried slung), this probably accounts for his conversion !

Somewhere or other I came across a poem of sorts, written by an ancestor of mine, about a fox that Hills ran to ground in a cottage chimney, I think at



TOM HILLS

(The Surrey)

Keston. Not being able to find it, I can only recollect the final verse, which relates the eviction of the fox :—

Quoth Mrs. Smith, I little weened
To have my chimney neatly cleaned
By such a sweep and brush !

During Mr. Mortimer's Mastership, Tom Hills was again painted with a favourite hound, this time by Sir Francis Grant. This picture was presented to Mr. Mortimer at the commencement of his thirtieth season as M.F.H. It was engraved also, and can be seen in many houses in Surrey to this day.

T. Hills died, aged 77, in February 1873.

ROBERT FORFEIT

HUNTSMAN TO MR. JAMES WARD (PYTCHLEY) 1797-1808

MR. WARD took Bob Forfeit from the West Kent to the Bicester Country in 1793. During the time he was huntsman to what is now the Bicester, he had an historic run from Ardley Thorns, near Bicester, to Chipping Norton, crossing no less than 32 parishes. I might add that at that time the Bicester also hunted much of what is now Warwickshire country (as far as Stratford-on-Avon).

The hounds and horses after this great run remained for the night at Chapel House. Mr. Ward ordered a messenger to be sent to Chipping Norton to get food for his tired hounds, but just as he was starting Bob Forfeit sent a message to his master to say "there was no need for bread, as one of the young Oxford gents' horses was already dead, and another dying!"

Again, whilst he was huntsman to the Pytchley, "Nimrod" mentions that he was in a run of an hour and three-quarters, which both Mr. Ward and Lord Spencer said was the quickest run ever seen in Northamptonshire. This, however, is eclipsed by the run which occurred in February 1802. They found a fox at Marston Wood, between Welford and Market Harborough, and killed him at Tilton-on-the-Hill, a point-blank distance of 18 miles over the finest part of Leicestershire, without touching a cover and without a check. Out of a numerous field the only people up at the finish were General Sir Harry Ward, brother of the Squire, Sir Andrew Barnard, with Bob Forfeit and Jem Butler, the first whipper-in. Hounds slept that night at Bowden Inn, where Lord Sefton kept his hounds.

Bob Forfeit retired with his master to Kent (whence they had come), and was long his groom. During the time Mr. Ward was Master of the Pytchley, he lived at Broughton Hall, near Northampton, and Mr. Reginald Loder tells me, "I could still show you the cottage he (Bob Forfeit) lived in, and the site of the old kennels."

Our illustration is from a print of a picture by J. C. Biederman. Of the latter's life and history I have been unable to learn anything of much import, but it appears that he lived for at least a period in London (Covent Garden and Soho were the two neighbourhoods where he resided), and that he exhibited at the Royal Academy and British Institution from 1799 to 1831.



ROBERT FORFEIT

(The Pytchley)

THE MORGAN FAMILY

(1785 to present day)

I AM indebted to Mr. Scarth Dixon's *Hunting in the Olden Days* for most of the information contained here about the Morgans.

Jem Morgan, the first notable of his family, was born in 1785, and started life with Mr. Lloyd's Harriers at Hintlesham. He then went to the Tickham, and was whip to one Giles Morgan (no relation), a sporting farmer who received £100 per annum and found his own horses. Jem Morgan then went to the Essex (1835), where the tale is told that Mr. Conyers, his irascible master, having "let out" at him, Morgan got off his horse, turned it loose and stumped off home! Mr. Conyers, whose passion was as short-lived as it was violent, rode after him, and their differences were soon made up. When getting on in years Morgan resigned, and then went to Lord Lonsdale with the Old Berkeley, retiring for good after six seasons in favour of his son, Goddard Morgan. However, after he had retired he continued to hunt, and was killed near Chesham when hunting with his old pack. He left four sons—Ben, Jack, Goddard, and Tom. All became huntsmen—Ben in particular, Lord Middleton's huntsman, being very successful.

Of Ben Morgan it was said that Lord Willoughby de Broke had spoiled the best whipper-in in England by promoting him to huntsman, but he was unlucky in following an exceptional huntsman (Stevens) in Warwickshire. However, when he went to Yorkshire he soon established a reputation, and during seventeen seasons with Lord Middleton showed fine sport. He was an exceptional horseman among a lot of hard riders in that country. "On one occasion, hearing there was an extra strong lot coming by special train 'to have their revenge,' he took time by the forelock, and sent his second horse on to a gorse covert seven miles away. As soon as he got into the first cover he slipped away without finding, though the field were not aware of that, and galloped his hardest to his second horse. Fates favoured him, for hounds then really found, there was a good scent, and the fox made a good point before they rolled him over. Everyone was delighted, and if Sir Charles and one or two others had their suspicions, they at any rate said nothing." (*Hunting in the Olden Days*).

After Ben Morgan left Lord Middleton he went to the Essex and Suffolk, and a few seasons later retired. Of his family only one became a huntservant (Joe), but he did not remain long in the profession. One of his daughters, however, married a huntsman, Will Burton.

Jack Morgan had an adventurous career. To quote again from *Hunting in the Olden Days*: "Some draft hounds had been purchased for a regiment in India, and a man was required to take them out and to act as whipper-in when India was reached. Jack Morgan was sent to assist this man to see them on board at Southampton. The man at the last moment refused to go on board, and as the Captain couldn't do with hounds with no one in charge, he persuaded Jack to accompany them, which he did, with nothing but the clothes he stood up in. In due course he arrived at Calcutta, and then proceeded up country several hundred miles. It may be imagined, the surprise of the officers, when they saw this little lad, who, in addition, was very small for his age, who had come so many thousand miles. They promptly made him huntsman, and he rattled the jackals for seven years, probably the most youthful huntsman who ever carried a horn. In addition to hunting he rode many races in the colours of General Pearson, and at the end of his seven years had saved some £700."

On his return to England, Jack Morgan became whip to the Suffolk, then first whip to the Cottesmore, and from there he went to the Quorn, both with Sir Richard Sutton. During the latter part of Sir Richard's life the latter became a bit shy of jumping water. Once, at Stanton Wyville brook, Sir Richard said, "I'll never get over this, Jack!" Morgan replied, "Come along, Sir Richard. I'll see you over, never fear!" So Jack jumped his horse over, tied him to a tree, and waded back; jumped Sir Richard's hunter over, waded back again and carried his master over on his back!

On Sir Richard's death, Jack Morgan went to the Burton, then to the Southwold, then to the Grove for seventeen seasons. He was with the Grove during the early days of Foxhound Shows, and was a great showman, *au fait* with every little dodge. While at Harrogate Show, he was found by "Nimrod" Long giving his hounds lumps of pudding to improve them about the ribs. Long, who never missed anything, said, "Put it below their knees, Jack, they have far more need of it there!"

SAM MORGAN

(The Percy)



Jack had a large family, and three of them became huntservants. Will, the eldest, was injured whilst whipper-in by a bad fall which affected his brain. George became huntsman to Lord Macclesfield, then to the Southwold, East Sussex, Tickham, and back to East Sussex again, from which last post he finally retired.

Sam, the third son, was first whip to the Eggesford, the Worcestershire, and then to Major Brown's in North Northumberland, and after that to Lord Fitzwilliam (Wentworth). His son, also Sam by name, the subject of our illustration (when huntsman to the Atherstone), started with the Brocklesby. Subsequently he was second whip to the Bramham Moor, and to the Quorn; then first whip to Sir Watkin Wynns, and first whip to the Badsworth; finally huntsman to the Linlithgow and Stirling, 1906-14, Atherstone, 1914-21, and the Percy, where he is still hunting hounds.

Walter Morgan, Sir Watkin Wynns' well-known huntsman (lately retired), is, I believe, no relation to the Morgan family mentioned here.

Goddard Morgan started as second whip to his father, when he was huntsman to Mr. Conyers. Later, he went to the Belvoir, and when his father was huntsman to the Old Berkeley he acted as his first whip. He succeeded his father as huntsman of this pack, as before mentioned. He was with the York and Ainsty for a short time (not as huntsman, I believe), and then went to the Bramham Moor. He was laid up with a bad fall during most of his first season with the latter, but showed good sport for three seasons. He then went to the Berwickshire, and subsequently to the Northumberland and Berwickshire, under Sir John Marjoribanks. His last place was as stud manager for Lord Derwent. He retired in 1880.

Tom Morgan was a half-brother to the others. He started life with the Quorn, and later was huntsman to Lord Hastings, the West Norfolk, then to the Badsworth for a long time. Subsequently he became huntsman to the Burton, and then to Captain Spicer in the Badminton country. The Duke of Beaufort had him as kennel huntsman for a short time before he retired.

WILL GOODALL

HUNTSMAN TO THE BELVOIR

Born 1812 (?) ; died 1859 (?)

WILL GOODALL's method of handling hounds is known as Goodall's practice. Before discussing his personality, let me select a few extracts from a letter of Lord Henry Bentinck on William Goodall's methods.

(1) "In handling his hounds with a fox before him, he never had them rated, or driven to him by his whips ; never halloa'd to them from a distance. When he wanted them, he invariably went himself to fetch them, anxiously watching the moment when hounds had done trying for themselves and felt the want of him. He galloped straight up to their heads, caught hold of them, and cast them in a body a hundred yards to his front, every hound busy before him with his nose sniffing the ground. . . . When cast in this way, the huntsman learns the exact value of each hound, while the young hounds learn what old hounds to believe in. When a huntsman trails his hounds behind him, four-fifths of his best hounds will be staring at his horse's tail, doing nothing. The hounds came to have such confidence in Goodall that with a burning scent he would cast them in this way at a hard gallop, all the hounds in his front ; while, with a poor scent, he would do it at a walk, regulating his pace by the quality of the scent."

(2) "When a fox was gone, in place of galloping off after his fox without his hounds—'blowing them away' down the wind from such a distance that half the hounds would not hear him, and he would only get a few leading hounds still further separated from the body—Goodall would take a sharp hold of his horse's head, quick as lightning turn back in the opposite direction, get up wind of the body of his hounds and, blowing them away from the tail, bring up the two ends together, giving every hound a fair chance to be away with the body."

(3) "Goodall's chief aim was to get the hearts of his hounds. He considered hounds should be treated like women, that they would not bear to be bullied, deceived, nor neglected with impunity. To this end, he would



WILL GOODALL

(The Belvoir)

not meddle with them in their casts until they had done trying for themselves and felt the want of him ; he paid them the compliment of going to fetch them. He never deceived nor neglected his hounds, and was continually cheering and making much of them. If he was compelled to disappoint them by roughly stopping them off a suckling vixen or a dying fox at dark, you should see him, as soon as he had got them stopped, jump off his horse, get into the middle of the pack, and spend ten minutes in making friends with them again. The result was that hounds were never happy without him, and, when lost, would drive up through any crowd of horsemen to get to him again, and it was very rare for a single hound to be left out."

There seems to be no record of the date of Will Goodall's birth, but he would presumably be about twenty when he began his career with Mr. Drake, when that gentleman was Member for Amersham. Many long hours did he wait, as groom, outside the House of Commons during the Reform debates in 1832 (they had no covered shed for man or horse at the time). He then acted as cover-boy for Mr. Tom Drake, and later was with Goosey as second whip. In 1842 he was made huntsman of the Belvoir on the resignation of Tom Flint, who had a common failing, of which he was fully conscious. Nevertheless, Will would have cheerfully remained as whip to him if he had not resigned, as they were firm friends.

Will Goodall took much pleasure in writing. His correspondence with other huntsmen was enormous. In the Exhibition year he visited sixteen kennels and never got as far as the exhibition. He loved these outings, but was equally happy at home watching his bees and playing cricket with his boys. He was fond of Croxton Races, and used to carry a pocketful of silver for his friends amongst the yokels, who generally expected a glass of ale, providing he had not caught them heading foxes or giving false holloas during the season ! They used to keep a look-out for him when he and his whips were keeping the course. There is a story of one of them, whom Will had marked down for something, as he was one of "the good boys." He was duly honoured with half-a-crown, at which he grumbled ; whereupon Will, in his pleasant manner, said, "Give it me back," and the man, thinking it was to be exchanged for more, did so. But Will rode off with it, and taught him a lesson, of which the man's comrades did not forget to remind him !

The "Druid" also tells us that Will's phraseology was unique and expressive. His diary was a remarkable work, quite as much for his comments as for vivid descriptions of sport. "Screamed over the fallows," "a blazing hour," "blew him up in the open," were great expressions of his, and very characteristic of the ceaseless energy of the man.

Will died as the result of falling on his horn, which he carried in his breast, on the last day of the season, after Croxton Races. The meet was at Belvoir. The day was the third anniversary of the Hunt presentation to him—a day on which the inn at Grantham had rung again to the chorus of "Will Goodall's the boy!" The year was probably 1859, the last year of Lord Forester's Mastership, as the sixth Duke of Rutland's first season as Master appears to have been that of 1859-60. Will was only ill ten days, during which time he rose from his bed but once, to show Lord Henry Bentinck his young Rallywoods of the third generation. It was with a strange fitness that as the hearse moved away the hounds began to "sing" a strange and mournful requiem, which, the "Druid" tells us, fairly thrilled through the mourners. Will lies just within the gate of Knipton churchyard, not many paces from Tom Goosey. By all, from "my kind Lord Duke," as Will called him, to the humblest labourer, his memory was long cherished. Among his brother huntsmen he lived down all jealousy, and was freely accorded the high position he won both in field and kennel.

Will Goodall had in his time a piebald fox at Ropsley Rise. He gave this fox such a dusting for six seasons (it looks as if the dusting were pretty evenly distributed), that he turned quite grey at last. A woodland fox, he would never leave the woodlands, and some of the woodmen said they had known him eleven years. When hounds eventually caught him, he was so tough that they could not pull him to pieces. Will considered it would be best to skin him and have a cap made that would defy Time. (From *Silk and Scarlet*.)



TOM FIRR

(The Quorn)

TOM FIRR

HUNTSMAN TO THE QUORN

Born at Albury (Herts), 1841 ; died in 1902, buried at Quorn

TOM FIRR started his hunting career with Mr. George Holdron's Harriers in 1857.

1858—The Cambridgeshire
1859—South Oxfordshire
1860—The Craven
1861—The Tedworth

1863—Earl of Eglinton's
1864—Pytchley (first whip)
1869—North Warwickshire
1872—The Quorn (hunter)

Probably no other huntsman achieved such fame as Tom Firr, for was not his name frequently coupled with the toast "Foxhunting"? In J. Otho Paget's *Memories of the Shires* we read "he was very quick, but never in a hurry, very quiet, yet had a beautiful voice—his cheer would always put life into a pack . . . he never looked back, but galloped on blowing his horn. Although he might have started with one or two couples only, every hound would be there before they were out of the first field. Perhaps their anxiety not to be left behind made them weak in the matter of drawing, their one bad point."

Strangers who had an occasional day with the Quorn originated the tales that half the good gallops with that pack were after Firr and not a fox. This idea has its birth in one of his marvellous casts. If a fox had got a long way ahead, he would catch hold of the pack and make a forward cast of half a mile or more, and it was very seldom he did not succeed in hitting off the line.

There was a bobtail fox, in 1882, that defied both the Quorn and Belvoir on many occasions, but Firr eventually killed him after a hunt of two hours and fifteen minutes. As is usually the case, everyone said they had changed foxes. Firr said nothing, but held up three inches of bobtailed brush. As they started with a bobtailed fox, that settled the doubters for once.

Innovations are never well received by hunting people, and the illustration herewith of Firr, complete with swan-necked spurs, proclaims it to have been done during Lord Lonsdale's Mastership. "Brooksby" makes merry over some of the changes introduced in his book, *The Best of the Fun*. "Tom

Firr, leathered as to the legs, crossed with stirrup strap, hung with swan-neck spur, and mounted on a hogmaned steeplechaser with a long tail, made up a total that would, to my mind, be best set down as Firr en aspec ! It is needless to say, Firr forgot his casement, as readily as he ever ignores his swamping 'field,' directly hounds run and directly business is about . . . to this he owes half his success ! ”

Tom Firr could sketch a bit, and was no mean poet. There are, we know, some who are ever scornful of the æsthetic side of the sportsman. Let me remind them that our first great poetic genius was Caedmon, lay brother in charge of the horses of the Abbey of Whitby. He slept with his horses, and composed the earliest poem in the English language.

The longer one hunts, the more one comes to realize that it requires a genius to be a great huntsman. There is no question that Firr had most exceptional natural abilities. Although (perhaps because) he never went to school, he had a marvellous memory, and he entirely (or rather with the help of his wife) educated himself. To quote Lady Augusta Fane's entertaining book, *Chit Chat*, “he was one of Nature's Noblemen, and, though the idol of the hunting world, was never spoilt, and had the most courteous and respectful manners. He could talk well on many subjects, was a keen politician, and could make a good speech.”

Out hunting he was exceptionally quick at getting his hounds out of cover, and used to say “one minute lost at the start spoilt many a hunt.” He was a superb horseman, and rode first over Leicestershire for 27 years, without losing his nerve for one moment. He remained huntsman to the Quorn until 1899, when he retired after a bad fall, which injured his head, and died a few years later of cancer of the throat (in 1902).

I have before mentioned Tom Firr's ability as a draughtsman and a writer. In Mrs. Chaworth Muster's book of *Hunting Songs and Sport*, published in 1885, there is an excellent sketch of a dead fox by Tom Firr on page 125. It says, “The following sketch will show he must have been pretty stiff, for he stood up perfectly straight when *dead* and without the slightest assistance.”

As a specimen of his ability as a writer, let me take :—

“Sat. 22nd March. A day in the forest, Chorley Crossroads being the meeting place. Some coverts were drawn blank in a line for the Whitwick

Rocks, where we found, but our fox was killed almost immediately, which was a sad blow, as foxes on this side were well known to be very scarce. However, we had luck in store, for at One Barrow Reservoir a very stout old gentleman was in waiting, and who kept us for the next two hours busily engaged ere he yielded up his life. Going first by One Barrow Farm, he ran a circle, back to his starting point, thence to White Horse Wood, and Sheepshed, and instead of going on to Garendon he turned to the left, and keeping Oakley and Piper Woods on the right hand, ran pretty straight to Belton, then turned short along the water meadows, where there was a capital scent, and which was a very pretty part of the run. This led us to Gracedieu Manor, hounds crossing the park, and pointing for Cadement Wood, but instead of entering it, they bore to the left and, crossing Sharpley Rocks, once more passed One Barrow. This was his last time, for our fox now put his head for a different line, and one from which he was not again destined to return. Crossing by the Oaks Chorth and Hiveshead, we soon reached the Privets, ran over Whittle Hill, and into the Outwoods, one turn round and away by Caron's Piece, and into Beacon Hill, and running through Beacon Plantings, hounds got a view just outside and rolled him over, and so ended a capital day.

"The above are, though feebly written, a slight example of many excellent runs, which have been enjoyed this very famous season, certainly by far the best it has been my good fortune to have seen. It is an old saying that a good scent makes a good fox, and in the season just passed this may be said to have been fully illustrated, for scent has been better and foxes have run straighter than perhaps has been known for many years . . . I hope it may be as good next . . . and there will be lots of fun and enjoyment for those who think that, among the few things worth living for, foxhunting is one.

"(Signed) TOM FIRR."

WILL DALE

HUNTSMAN TO THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT

Born 1847 ; died March 29, 1919

WILL DALE came as first whipper-in to Mr. F. J. S. Foljambe with the Burton in 1871, under Will Channing as huntsman. He took over from Channing in 1873, and was huntsman of the Burton Hounds till 1880, when Mr. Foljambe sold them.* Dale then went to Lord Yarborough, Brocklesbury Park, Ulceby.

My sketch of Dale was made many years ago, but as Dale gave up hunting hounds in 1911, it must have been done after he retired and was out as a spectator, as I never went to the Badminton country until after that date. Many sportsmen will remember a *Punch* joke by Armour about the Beaufort, to this effect :—

Excitable person (to Beaufort whip) : “ I’ve just seen five foxes cross this ride.”

Whip : “ May be, sir, but the main body is on in front ! ”

This was actually said by Will Dale. When it is remembered that the Duke’s hounds, even this season (much interfered with by frost), accounted for 120 brace, the facetious reply is the more understandable to those who have only hunted in less “ foxed ” regions. The Duke told me that, on one occasion, when Will was drawing a boggy osier bed on foot, both his boots got stuck in the mud at the precise moment when a fox was holloa’d away ! Unable to extricate them, he finished the hunt riding in his stocking feet ! (Boots were, of course, worn less tight in those days.)

Will Dale is buried at Oldbury on the hill near Didmarton, as also are some six other huntservants, including the famous Philip Payne and Will Long. On the latter’s grave this spring a litter of cubs might have been seen disporting themselves.

* I understand Mr. Wemyss took the Burton hounds on when Mr. Foljambe gave them up, and Will Dale continued as huntsman with him for a time before going to Lord Yarborough.

WILL DALE

(The Duke of Beaufort's)



Extract from Hunting Recollections of G. S. Foljambe.

September 2, 1873.

"This year saw the commencement of Will Dale's career as a huntsman. Few have such a record and still fewer possess such a combination of qualities that go to make one of the best of Nature's gentlemen. At the time of writing (January 1908), he is still in harness at Badminton, though suffering from the effects of a bad fall. I saw him but the other day, and it was very pleasant to have a talk over old days and to see him handle a pack of hounds again. Though the fire of youth was gone, there was still the old cheery keenness as evident as in the past, and I was glad to see a very fair day's sport."

Recollections of Claude Luttrell.

"I hunted with Will Dale for sixteen seasons, and he was just as keen in his last season, though past the allotted span of years, as he was in his first season with the Duke. Of course, in his latter years, he couldn't ride up to his hounds like he used to, but he retained the science of hunting a fox and his keenness until the end of his career as huntsman. Considering that he was hunting six days a week, and that, owing to bad falls, he had to be strapped up every day he hunted, it was wonderful he never got stale and that he retained his nerve as long as he did. It was a real pleasure to spend a day with him at the kennels; his memory for hounds' pedigrees was extraordinary, and so was his recollection of incidents in all the famous Hunts in which he had hunted hounds.

"He was a beautiful horseman, and I never saw him in difficulties with his horse; he never did anything to forfeit the confidence and affection of his hounds. He was always cheery and courteous to his field, and a loyal servant to his Masters, from Mr. Foljambe to the Duke of Beaufort. The late Duke, when talking to me one day about Charles Travis, the huntsman of the Cotswold, said, 'He is the nicest man I know, except Will Dale.'

"There is a covert called Stanmore on the downs above Bushton, which was always a stronghold of foxes. I was talking to Dale about it at the kennels, and, in expressing his esteem of its value to the Hunt, he said, 'You never see anything worse than a buck rabbit in it,' a delightful way of putting it that there were never any pheasants in it to disturb the foxes!

“Dale was a very regular attendant at church, like most of his generation of huntsmen were, though I am sure he often grudged that he couldn't be hunting hounds on a Sunday, even when he was hunting the other six days* of the week. How often in the winter, Sunday, to all appearances, is the best scenting day of the week, and Dale must many a time have longed to be hunting a fox instead of listening to a dull sermon !

“He had beautiful hound language : always cheery in drawing a covert but never noisy. Hounds would fly to his voice, but, to be quite candid, he never could blow his horn with that note which thrills man, horse and hound when a fox is holloed away. I remember an incident in his last season which reminded one of Jorrock's command to Benjamin ; hounds were running hard over the Dauntsey Vale and we had safely negotiated the Brinkworth brook by a convenient bridge when we found ourselves confronted by some nasty high rails in the only negotiable place in a high fence. Dale didn't like the look of it, and shouted to Tom Newman, who was whipping in to him, ‘Jump off, Tom, and trample on it.’ The nimble Tom very quickly levelled the rails to the ground, and Dale was saved from exclaiming ‘Hawful place, wouldn't jump it again for a knighthood.’”

LETTERS OF WILL DALE

Keepham Kennels,

Lincoln.

February 8.

To F. J. S. Foljambe, Esq., M.P.

SIR,—I am very much obliged for the offer of the bitch, but I have no use for her just now. I wish it had been a short time ago. Also, I beg to thank you for enquiring about Lord Middleton's huntsman's place. I should be sorry to have to go from this good country, but, of course, I must be on the lookout in the event of a Huntsman not being required here, but I hope

* I believe Mr. Luttrell to be incorrect on this point. Will Dale, except when the Duke was unwell, did not hunt hounds more than four days a week. The late Duke of Beaufort for many years himself hunted hounds six days a week, driving himself in his coach both ways, and often having to have a change of teams en route, so great were the distances he covered.

someone will come forward ; I think there must be someone that is fond of Hunting to come forward yet. We had a very good hour with an outlying fox from Broxholme on Monday all about Brattleby and Cammeringham, chiefly ring and they were running for him, but a Mile of Crows and Starlings saved his Life. Yesterday was something like a Day of the Old Sort. Found at the Big Wood at Stainfield, one turn Round it and away west over the fen, nearly to Hardigand, got headed and turned back to Fox Hall, through it and up by Apley, to Westwood out at the west end as if for Holton, but turned and came away past short wood, across by old Beltons, Racing Pace, into Newbold, straight through it, a Brace in front of them out on the River Side to Gaycliff. Once round it and then to Hardigand, Direct through it and out up to Cockgloade, straight through it and West Woods, and then past Goltho to the Top of Pleasure House Wood, then on leaving Keys Wood on the right by Kingthorpe Station nearly to Chambers Wood, turned short back to Creampoke where there was a Leash of foxes before the Hounds. They crashed one Round and brought him away into Stainfield Big Wood and ran from the East Corner to the West, then back again into Creampoke, right through it and away close to him into Keys Wood, straight up the gravel ride out at the top just leaving Wragby on the right, and crossed the Road just about the Malt Kiln, Running for him and he slipped into a Hole just above Mrs. Byron's house. Got him soon and eat him. They were going hard and fast for 2 hours and 35 mins. Were never cast. I never had to touch them but once, then two of the Leading Hounds were forward. The Bitches ran stout, I don't know when I have seen them go with so much Drive and so quick through the Woods. They screamed over the fallows crossway of the Ridges. Social was cutting it out all the time, and a young Bitch out of Bridget, Brenda. Those two young ones of Old Crazy's are trimmers, also the two Alice bitches of last Entry. Unluckily, Mr. Wemyss was not out to see it.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Sgd.) WM. DALE.

Extract from a letter to the Hon. F. J. S. Foljambe.

The Kennels,

Brocklesbury Park.

November 22, 1894.

. We had such a good run into the old country on Monday I thought you would like to know of it. We began at Sedge Cop in the morning and had a fast 25 minutes to Usselby and he got the ground just in front of them. We came back to draw Kingsby then, which unfortunately failed us and lost valuable time. We trotted away to Usselby Fish Pond and found a Gallant Fox that took us over Owersby and Osgodby and left Kingerby on the right, went through Sedge Cop and into Mid Rasen Parish, then round again to Osgodby and away again by Kingerby, then to West Rasen and over the Drain, left Pilsford Bridge on the right, passed Toft Village, set his head for the gorse, but bore away to the right just skirting Doglands, the last mile on stiff plough, and the bitches did it beautifully. We then went on past Lord Brownlow's, where he got headed by a stupid Ploughman and a flock of sheep in the next field checked him, but we soon got out of all that and went on nearly to Faldingworth. It was getting dark all the time, and no one but myself knew where we were. The fox was turning very short, and I had most Reluctantly to stop them close to Neville's Gorse, Quite Dark and my Horse very tired. Every Hound there and a long jog home, but I did want his nose, and should have had it but for the darkness. We were running one hour and forty minutes.

Extract from a letter to the Hon. F. J. S. Foljambe.

From The Kennels,

Brocklesbury Park,

Ulceby.

. I feel I should like to tell you what a good week we have had, and wound up to-day in a Brilliant Style, for Hounds having had three bursts of the best over the Wolds, and each time the Hounds ran into their Fox in a style that I would have given anything for you to have seen. They never Required Help, raced through sheep and cows as if in view. . . . I had

to ride for my life to keep with them, and I did enjoy it. Each time every Hound was there, which was to me Highly Satisfactory. The Wolds which the good day gave us are in excellent condition and nearly all stubble, and to see The Bitches Fly their Fences and go, it was a treat—they spread like a Picket, and I am sure there was ten or eleven couple racing for the Lead. I was indeed pleased with them. We have hunted five days this week, and it has been a week's sport as I don't Recollect for Hounds—lots of work, and blood at the right time and killed thirteen foxes.

Extract from a letter to the Hon. F. J. S. Foljambe.

The Kennels,
Badminton.

February 9.

. I get lots of Hunting—I feel ten years younger with hunting six days a week. Lord Worcester takes over the entire Mastership next Season, and I am going to Hunt two Packs, His Lordship retaining the dogs. I shall hunt the others alternate weeks, four one and three the other, and I can go when I like with the others, which I expect will be Pretty often. I like the country, and feel sure I can show sport in it. There is lots of Room in it and plenty of foxes ; some of them are not like the Wragby Woods Foxes, but we often have very good runs.

Extract from a letter to the Hon. F. J. S. Foljambe.

The Kennels,
Badminton, Glos.

March 24, 1898.

. It has indeed been a Marvellous Season, and what a Rare Lot of Hunting one gets here. I have had about 140 days since August 31, and hope to get at least ten more. It is a capital country and such a lot of Room. The Vale is delightful too. Hounds race over it in fine style. We get Large Fields some days. They get a deal too near and don't pull up soon enough unless Lord Worcester is close to them. In the stonewall country they are worse, and so many come out and ride like Fury, but I can't complain when

I am hunting Hounds as I generally keep so as I can command them. I have got on capital and enjoyed it Immensely. I like the pack and there is a lot of the old Burton Blood. I have had several great runs Lately. A fortnight ago, with a mixed Pack that I Hunt, we ran a Fox, only slowly, for five or six mile over the Vale with a moderate scent, then he went right up on the Downs for five or six more miles straight, till we Hauled up to him, and then they raced him two or three mile and rolled him over. It was a capital hunting run. I was very pleased with it. Lord Worcester was, too, and a short time ago I had an afternoon Run all over the best of the V.W.H. country for two hours and killed him at Lord Suffolk's house. It was a Famous Run—I did enjoy it, and I was well carried over a Beautiful Country A Famous Fox Preserver recollects seeing me out at Grove as Second Whip there. We hunt five and six days a week, but it's just what I love.

(Sgd.) WM. DALE.

The Kennels,
Badminton, Glos.

January 11, 1903.

To the Rt. Hon. F. J. S. Foljambe.

SIR—I was very pleased to hear from you and to hear you are in better health. I couldn't refrain from writing you a line as I know you would like to hear of good Sport. Yesterday was one of the best Scenting Days I have seen for years. We had a capital fifty minutes with the first Fox and the bitches ran clean into their Fox all alone, every one there, a six mile point. We had a long Trot Back to our draw, and when we found and got away on the back of a fox and they caught him in Less than Two Miles. We went on and found again soon and got a Famous Start, and they never left him and ran into him in 35 minutes; then we went and found a gallant Good Fox and he took us over a Grand Line and past great crowd over a bit of Dauntsey Vale. I was second over the brook, and they ran over a famous line for 40 minutes and ran clean into their fox in Handsome style. They never checked each time. We left off then, as we were 21 miles from Home. On

Thursday last we had a Brilliant Run, a ten Mile Point in little under the hour with the Mixed Pack, also on New Year's Day with the same Pack, a famous forty minutes over the Sodbury Vale when we put up another fine Fox, and we were at him one hour and forty minutes and killed him Handsomely. It was a Famous Hound Day and they did well.

Your obedient servant,

WM. DALE.

FRANK GILLARD

HUNTSMAN TO THE BELVOIR, 1860-1896

FRANK GILLARD having written his own reminiscences, published by Edward Arnold, 1898, which, incidentally, contain a charming dedication to his Master, the sixth Duke of Rutland, I feel it is unnecessary to say much about him. My own clearest memory of him is after his retirement, when he lived at Oxford. I used to see him occasionally out with various local packs, looking in his old age not unlike Disraeli in his later years. It is from a pencil sketch then made and a photograph taken at Belvoir that my sketch of him is composed.

Gillard was contemporary with Tom Firr, and it is said a certain amount of rivalry existed between them. Although undoubtedly a great huntsman, I gather he was never quite Firr's equal in the field. (Many people will tell you Firr had no equal, not even a rival.) No man loved hounds more than Frank Gillard, and no huntsman ever worked harder. Hunting hounds five and six days a week, he also had the entire management of the kennels, and in addition did much of the work usually performed by a Hunt secretary. In spite of often great distances to ride home (for the Belvoir used to draw very late in the day), he always the same night wrote to his Master, the Duke of Rutland, a full account of the day's proceedings. During his time, the Belvoir were at the height of their popularity, and every huntsman and Master in Great Britain used to visit the Belvoir kennels, always to find everything absolutely in first-rate order, and to be shown a beautiful pack of hounds by the most courteous huntsman of his day.

Frank Gillard started with harriers in Devonshire. When he retired from the Belvoir in 1896 he was given a testimonial and a cheque for £1,300, and a silver inkstand from the lady members of the Hunt.

FRANK GILLARD

(The Belvoir)



MODERN HUNTSMEN



FRANK FREEMAN

(The Pytchley)

FRANK FREEMAN

HUNTSMAN TO THE PYTCHLEY, 1906 TO PRESENT DATE

1st Whip Belvoir until 1902.
1st Whip Cheshire, 1902-1905.
Huntsman Bedale, 1905-1906.



TOM NEWMAN

(The Duke of Beaufort's)

TOM NEWMAN

HUNTSMAN TO THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, 1916 TO PRESENT
DATE

Born 1877

Rode 2nd horse and whipped-in to his father, Walter
Newman, Huntsman Hambledon.

2nd Whip Hursley for three seasons.

2nd Whip West Somerset for two seasons.

2nd Whip Duke of Beaufort for six seasons.

1st " " " " " ten "

2nd Whip to Duke of Beaufort and to Will Dale for
six seasons and five seasons under George Walters.



GEORGE SUMMERS

(The Duke of Buccleuch's)

GEORGE SUMMERS

HUNTSMAN TO THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, 1902 TO PRESENT
DATE

Born August 1872

2nd Whip Chiddingfold, 1887-1891.

1st Whip Chiddingfold, 1891-1892.

2nd Whip Duke of Buccleuch's, 1894-1902.

Huntsman Duke of Buccleuch's, 1902.



W. WILSON

(The Quorn)

W. WILSON

HUNTSMAN TO THE QUORN

Born at Bowden (Cheshire), 1871

2nd Whip Bedale, 1892-1895.

1st Whip Bicester, 1895-1910.

1st Whip and hunted hounds two days a week (the whole country during the season Short broke his leg) Quorn, 1911-1918.

Huntsman Quorn, 1918-1929.



PETER FARRELLY

(The Meynell)

PETER FARRELLY

HUNTSMAN TO THE MEYNELL, 1922-1929

2nd Whip Wheatland and South Shropshire, 1900.

2nd Whip Bramham Moor, 1901-1904.

2nd Whip Quorn, 1904-1905.

1st Whip Quorn, 1905-1906.

1st Whip Bedale, 1906-1907.

Huntsman Bedale, 1907-1911.

Huntsman Bramham Moor, 1911-1919.

Huntsman Cheshire, 1919-1920.

Huntsman Bicester, 1920-1922.



SIDNEY TUCKER

(The Devon and Somerset Staghounds)

SIDNEY TUCKER

HUNTSMAN TO THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS

2nd Horseman to Arthur Heal and A. Huxtable, 1889.

32 years with the Hunt and retired from post of
Huntsman in 1916.



ERNEST BAWDEN

(The Devon and Somerset Staghounds)

ERNEST BAWDEN

HUNTSMAN TO THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS,
1916 TO PRESENT DATE

For 12 years as Whip to Tucker.

Huntsman, 1916, and still holds that office.

Until quite recently there was only one whipper-in
to the Devon and Somerset.

SOME FAMOUS STAGHUNTERS

COUPLED WITH THE NAMES OF

SIDNEY TUCKER AND ERNEST BAWDEN

Successive Huntsmen to the Devon and Somerset

THIS book being primarily of interest to foxhunters, I have thought it advisable to say a few words on the older sport, because fair standards of comparison between the two sports scarcely exist, so different are they in most essentials.

Staghunting is a sport of which, speaking in general, foxhunters know little, and which they usually condemn with faint praise. To such the inclusion of huntsmen of staghounds may seem an anomaly. But it must be borne in mind that staghunting is not only a survival of the form of hunting brought to this country by the Normans, but is the parent stock from which fox-hunting has sprung. Although there are four or five packs hunting wild deer, in speaking of staghunting here I am referring to the Devon and Somerset.

The principal difference between fox and stag hunting is that, whilst any fox will do to hunt, only a particular deer can fill the part of a quarry. The second difference is that the harboured takes the place of the earth-stopper, the latter, by the way, being extinct as an individual, his place having been taken by the gamekeeper, whose somewhat casual efforts in post-war days are a frequent cause of blank days in some countries. It is quite impossible, in the scope of a single chapter, to deal with the art of the harboured, but one may say roughly that, bearing in mind that the deer are nocturnal feeders, lying up through the day, it is the harboured's business to find where a good stag is lying, so as to be able to report to the huntsman where to find him. Sometimes this can be done with the aid of field-glasses, but such procedure is scarcely harbouring, and the harboured's correct guide should be the slot, i.e. footprint. Jim Blackmore of Haddon, Miles, and Fred Goss were probably the best harbourers the Hunt has had.

The third difference is the use of "tufters" (chosen for their obedience and reliability) to get the deer away from the great woodlands and from his compatriots, before the pack, which has been kennelled at some neighbouring farm, is laid on and the chase proper begins.

The staghunting season is a long one, roughly mid-July to mid-October, and a fortnight in April, whilst hindhunting lasts from November to March. Taking into account the length of the season, and that during the slack months puppy-breeding takes up the time, it will be seen why the life of a huntsman of staghounds has been described as "nine months' hard work and three months' hard labour." Although the nervous strain of jumping big fences is absent, there is a heavy physical strain on a huntsman who has such a long season, through the heat of summer and the rough weather on the high ground in winter—to say nothing of the far longer "points" usually made by deer than foxes, which means many hours in the saddle and, consequently, extra long distances home. In addition, the staghound huntsman runs some risk, not only in galloping over such rough country, but in his actual taking of the stag.

It always strikes the stranger that you practically never see a staghunter jump a fence; but bearing in mind the enormous distances covered by a hunted stag, his pursuers have no energy to spare for "lepping," even if it were possible, which it is not on 90 per cent. of the banks, with their thick beech hedges on top. On the rare occasions that a jumpable obstacle intervenes, this habit of not jumping has its ludicrous side. Some years ago I saw a huntservant pull up a sheep hurdle in the Porlock Vale instead of jumping it.

One of the great difficulties experienced by a huntsman of staghounds in the West Country is the ignorance of his field, a large percentage of whom are not only ignorant of staghunting but of hunting in any form. An example of this ignorance is the way in which people shove in gateways. I love the reply of an irascible member of the Hunt to a stranger who was shoving his way through a gate with the Devon and Somerset :—

Stranger : "Sir, does your horse kick?"

Member of the Hunt (not too pleased at being hustled) : "Yes, and bites like billy-o as well!"

In a foxhunting country a few big fences usually shake off a large percentage of those who incommode the huntsman, but, in an unjumpable country with lots of narrow lanes he has great difficulty to rid himself of the crowd. The other day I heard, "Go on! Go on! Don't worry about me or the hounds!" but the sarcasm was completely thrown away, for the crowd did go on, in front of him! Although there is no doubt the size and ignorance of the field frequently interfere with sport, it must be admitted the huntsman gets considerable assistance in the way of view holloas from such a large and scattered field. Possibly, at times, these holloas may be misleading, but I am of the opinion that, if holloaing were forbidden, not half the deer would be killed. On my saying so to a staghunter, he not unnaturally retorted, "Yes, and if *spades* were forbidden *you'd* kill damn few foxes!"

The Devon and Somerset have had several great huntsmen, the first I can remember being Arthur Heal, who retired in 1889, aged 72, but for many years after used to come out hunting as a spectator. He died in 1916, having just failed to reach his century. He was followed by Anthony Huxtable, who, although "a Jack-of-all-trades," was very far from being "Master of none"! Besides having successfully carried on many callings, he was a very good huntsman, in spite of somewhat indifferent health. He died of consumption at the early age of 52. It was rather amusingly said of him that "the deer had six legs in Anthony's time," referring to the fact that he was once known to have produced six slots at the death of a stag when "tips" were forthcoming!

Huxtable was followed by Sidney Tucker. The latter was born at Alverdescott (pronounced Aylescott), near Bideford, and started work, aged 12, working on a farm as a labourer and carter. He then became a billiard marker by night and a bus driver by day to a hotel in Bideford. At the age of 19, after first working in the stable of a Mr. Rickard, he went into Lord Fortescue's stables at Castle Hill. Starting straightaway as 2nd horseman to Arthur Heal, and subsequently (1889) to Anthony Huxtable, he remained 32 years with the Hunt, during which time he was never off duty for sickness, and only three times from accident. He retired in 1916, and now lives at Porlock.

Tucker was remarkable, in his earlier years, for the celerity with which he traversed "wet ground," or, in plain English, bogland ! Also he had the most astonishing eyesight, being able to spot his hunted stag at great distances.

There is no doubt that during his regime the chase was considerably accelerated. When I first visited the Forest, more years ago than I care to think of, cocktailed cobs were the usual mounts. Now, even the worst of the "hiredlings" has a dash of "blood." A well-known peculiarity of the chase of the red deer is that, when their powers are failing them, they usually go "to water," or to the sea. Sidney had a very narrow squeak on the cliffs of the Bristol Channel, whose paths are narrow and slippery and some hundreds of feet above the rocky beach, for, one day in the autumn of 1905, he met his hunted stag in a narrow place. By an extraordinary coincidence it was a one-horned stag, and the huntsman was on the side lacking the antler. This undoubtedly saved the huntsman and his horse from being dashed to the beach below.

In October 1911, Sidney killed a stag long known as "The King of Exmoor." He carried brow and tray, and four atop one side and five the other. One of his brow antlers was 18 inches long. One of Tucker's longest runs was from Warcleave, Dulverton, to Dene Cross, Taunton, a 17-mile point, in October 1913 ; another, in September 1915, was a 20-mile point.

The following three runs took place during Sidney Tucker's time :—

September 28, 1910.

Meet at Dulverton.

Found in Church Wood, Hawkridge, and ran by Anstey Common, Molland Moor Gate, on over Molland Common to Willingford Bridge, on by Polchester past Withypool Common. Crossed the top of Knighton Combe, on by Greenaborough to water above Lanacre Bridge, on by North Common Picket Stones, Honeyamead ; crossed the Simonsbath road by Honeyamead Cross, on by Exceleeve ; crossed the water at the bottom of Orchard Combe ; crossed Warren allotment to Toms Hill, on south of Larkbarrow to Blackbarrow, on by Greenpath to Hawkcombe Head, around by Whitstones, down by Westcott Farm, Buttwalls, to sea at Porlock Weir. A very fast run, 12- to 13-mile point. Time 2½ hours.

(During the Mastership of Captain A. S. Adkins.)

September 18, 1911.

Meet at Hawkridge.

Found in Lords Plantation, ran by Willingford Bridge, Twitchen Ridge, Sandyway, North Molton Common, through Longwood to water under Miners' Wood then on by Yarde Farm, Bentwitchen to Span Head ; crossed Spooners allotment, turned down Yellowcombe to water under Cornham Farm, then on to the east of Driver Cott, up over Durden Farm to Exe Head, on by Black Pitts Gate, down by Buscombe to Hoccombe Water, down stream to the bottom of Manor allotment ; ran down the valley by Deerpark, Cloud Farm, to Malmsmead. Point 13 miles, 2¾ hours. About 30 miles as the hounds ran.

(During the Mastership of the late Major Morland Greig.)

Wednesday, October 8, 1913.

Meet at Dulverton.

Found in Warcleave, ran across by Hollam Farm, to Exe Cleeve, on through Stockham Wood to water below Chilly Bridge, down stream on through Daws Wood, on above Stags Head, through Winslade Wood up by Coombeshead Brake to Kingsbrompton ; on by Foxhanger Farm, Woolcott Farm, on by Withiel Florey, Brendon Hill Farm ; crossed the road that leads to Raleigh's Cross, by the crossway that leads to Treborough, then on by Lee cliffs to Leeland Farm ; crossed the mineral railway under Lee cliffs, to Nettlecombe Park, by Sir Walter Trevelyan's house, then on up the valley by Coombe Sydenham to Elworthy Burrows, on by Brompton Ralph to Fitzhead Park, where fresh found, and ran on to Dene Court, where killed. A five hours' run. Point from Dulverton to Nettlecombe 18 miles. From Nettlecombe to Dene Court another 9 miles. Dene Court is near Norton Fitzwarren.

Tucker had Ernest Bawden as whip, and when they agreed on a plan of campaign they were the most deadly combination the deer on Exmoor have ever had to compete with !

Ernest Bawden, the present huntsman, is the son of the late Mr. James Bawden, of Hollowcombe, Hawkridge (a sporting farmer of the best type). He became huntsman in 1916, after 12 years' experience as whip. He is the possessor of indomitable pluck and perseverance, coupled with a poor digestion (a relic of the hardships of South African warfare), for I am told he frequently does these long staghunting runs on a glass of milk and a biscuit for breakfast !

Of late years the number of deer has increased considerably, although I think I am correct in saying they are not as numerous as they were before the Arlington country, near Barnstaple, was closed to stag hunting. As a natural consequence the deer, in that country at any rate, have more or less died out. But gone now are the days when the North Devon Staghounds, being short of deer, would turn loose again (duly marked) a young deer they had captured with hounds. The herds have long been so great that the moorland farmers find them a considerable additional tax on the year's accounts, in spite of generous compensation paid by the Hunt. So nowadays a stag, when run up, is doomed.

I might add that it has always struck me as rather remarkable, considering the great stress laid on the fierceness of the stag in the old books of Venerie, that so few modern huntsmen have been injured by a stag at bay, especially considering that in England no firearms are used, and that both hounds and, occasionally, horses are injured by a fighting stag. Yet, with the exception of Ernest having been gored by a young stag in Highercombe, near Dulverton, which laid him up for some little time, I know of no other modern instance of injury to a huntsman of staghounds.

Bawden's best effort in deer reduction was in 1925-26, which season finished with a meet at Stowley, and was remarkable for Bawden having killed 31 stags in 30 days without a break—a remarkable performance. Probably the best hunt was a 13½-mile point on April 16, Selworthy Wood to Syndercombe. Another notable run took place on September 22, 1915:—
September 22, 1915.

Meet at Haddon.

Found in Helebridge Wood, ran by Exe Cleeve, Stockham Wood, on through Broford Wood, on through Red Cleeve, on by South Hill, Drayton Nap, through the allotments on Winsford Hill, out by Keepers Cottage, round by Punchbowl, Ash Coombe; crossed the road by Comers Gate, down by Bradleyham; crossed the water under South Hill Farm, on by Withypool Common, Knighton Combe, to water above Lanacre Bridge, on by Bradymoor, on under Picket Stones up White-water; crossed the Simonsbath-Exford road by Cloven Rocks, on by Perryway Head; crossed Simonsbath-Lynton road by Black Pits, and ran as far as Exe Head; turned down Oareoak, on by Oareoak Cottage to water down stream to Lyncombe

Plantation ; turned out over by Furze Hill Farm to the stream below. A real good hunt. Point 20 miles. Time 3 hours.

(While the hunting was carried on by the Committee.)

The following account of a memorable run with the Devon and Somerset is taken from *Horse and Hound* (November 17, 1928) :—

“ The chase now recorded was the outcome of a bye-meet at the end of last season, and recently it has been suggested that so great and memorable a hunt should find a place in the published annals of the Devon and Somerset. The proposal to print the details met with the sympathy of the Master, and they have been compiled from descriptions obtained from Bawden. Modesty is a trait of true sportsmen, and it is this virtue that has kept ere now the record of this exceptional hunt from appearing in print.

“ The meet was at Westwater Farm (Mr. Jack Clatworthy's), and in case some readers have never been there it may be said that it lies in the Westwater Valley, close to the road from Withypool to Hawkridge, and a very short cantering distance beyond Worth, which recently was destroyed by fire. The weather in that part of the country is sometimes not the most congenial, but on this particular day it was satisfactory, and quite so from a hunting point of view, and this after a spell of dry weather. Being a bye-meet it was not expected that many would be out to meet the big dog-hounds, but a field of thirty or forty turned up, and no doubt all of them die-hards of the South country, who, although having hunted through a long winter season for hind, fox, and hare, could not resist just one more gallop to finish. Little did they think, as they chatted and eased at Westwater, what the day was to bring them.

“ The Master decided to tuft Lords, and from the new planting of this famous Somerset sanctuary sixteen deer went away at once, and at 11 o'clock by Ernest's watch. It was observed that in the herd was a big hind with two light patches on her near flank, concerning which references will be made later. The herd kept together so far as Withypool Common, where, near the head of Knighton Combe, they split up, one bunch of hinds turning back left-handed towards Higher Willingford Bridge. Tufters held to these, and Lenthall was sent on with them, Mr. Froude Hancock and Master Tom Bawden to Cloggs being in close touch. Just across Litton Water forces divided, Lenthall going up over Twitchen Ridge and on to North Molton

with one lot, and the other went up to Molland Common and over to Poulthouse Combe, Tom Bawden finally going on to Hawkridge with four couples of hounds. The big hind with the light patches must have slipped the others in Poulthouse Combe, for later Jasper was seen by Mr. Froude Hancock to be hunting her alone at Molland Moor Gate and running north. She passed Lyshwells and got to the Danesbrook under Cloggs Down.

"Bawden, in the meantime, had gone to Westwater Farm for the pack, and came on via Lords and Lower Willingford Bridge to Moorhouse Ridge to await events ; and getting on to the slopes of Zoggy Moor, overlooking the Danesbrook, spotted the hind coming up and nipped down to effect the lay-on. This took place close to Lower Willingford Bridge, on the Somerset side, and just inside the fence of Bawden's Allotment. Up to this point the hind had nearly completed a loop six miles round, and at a pace that gave no misgivings as to the splendid conditions of scent. It was now for the field to settle to a hunt that would be fast even if it was not to be long, and when the big dog-hounds were laid on in their wonderful way it was plain to everyone that it was to be a furious race.

"The hind went straight up and into the new plantation at Lords, where she was found earlier in the morning, and she left it in company with another hind, but they quickly parted company, and hounds held to their right quarry and got going in real earnest. The hind went away in a north-westerly direction by Tudball's Plots and across Worth Hill to the head of Knighton Combe and the Withypool-Sandyway road, then on to Withypool Common, passing Brightworthy Barrows slightly to the left. Then came a sweep round to the south-west into Dillacombe and up over to and across the Lanacre-Sandyway road, and then up along the flank of the valley of the Sherdon Water, Woolcombe Allotment and Farm, keeping west of Sandyway and so to Barkham Farm. At this point, the hind veered round to the right and took a north-westerly line on the northern or Somerset side of the county boundary, to which she ran fairly parallel for five miles, racing the whole length of Long Holcombe, then through Hangley Cleave, over the Simonsbath-North Molton road between Kinsford Gate and Farm, and all up the valley there past Comerslade and over the bogs of Ducky Pool to Squallacombe, leaving Setta Barrow away to the left. Just short of Moles Chamber she drew slightly to

the north into the head of the combe which runs down to the Barle opposite Goat Hill, followed by a gradual left-hand swing, and then a perfectly straight line due west to the county boundary between Slowley Stone and Roosthitchen, where she vanished from Somerset, never to return. Straight on she went by the tumulus on the northern side of Shoulsbarrow Common, followed by the long and gradual descent into Weirscombe that goes down to Challacombe Village, where close to the Rectory came the first check.

"Here for a moment let us leave her, and consider more fully what has happened. From Barkham Farm to Challacombe this wonderful hind had made as straight a line as any hunt could create, and eight miles of it. She kept slightly north of the county boundary for most of the way, which, fortunately for Bawden and the field, is a track. He says that had it not been for this he could never have kept hounds in sight, the pace being terrific. 'Bugler' had led the pack from the lay-on, and along this glorious eight miles' stretch of open going he raced away, 'cutting out the work' on a strong and holding scent. The field had become a far-stretched-out single line, galloping or cantering as best their mounts could manage. The leaders reached Challacombe just in time to see hounds race away again after recovering the line and in a northerly direction towards Twitchen Farm (Mr. Bert Lang's), crossing the Simonsbath Road between the Ring of Bells and Old Close. Mr. Lang was away, but getting the news on his return, saddled up and galloped off to find the chase. Past Twitchen hounds crossed Swincombe, leaving the plantation to the right—which this galloping hind had ignored—and ran on north-west to Withycombe Farm and over Challacombe Common to sink into Tennerley Combe, that descends to Parracombe. They streamed out left-handed and went down to the Lynton-Barnstaple road close to the little mountain railway, where the hind had stopped short. She had doubled back on her own line over one field and then turned right-handed or south over Rowley Down, coming to the road and railway again at Blackmoor Gate Station, but she did not cross them. She had carried out the same clever manœuvre as before, 'jinking' back from the railway on her own line and turning south. Now she went on to Wistlandspound, where she passed between the buildings and the railway to turn back for the third time from the latter and follow its curve to the south-east to a point between it and

Thorneford Farm, where she veered in a southerly direction between the railway and the Blackmoor Gate-Barnstaple road. Near here Ernest saw a lonely Devon constable, who had viewed the hind a field away some fifteen minutes before, and running as though just found ! By this time a few farmers had chipped in, but as for the field only one or two were still holding on. The majority had galloped themselves out by the time Challacombe was reached, and a few struggled on to Friendship Inn as a last resource and then turned homeward for their mounts' sake.

"The hind had entered enclosed country, and for about seven miles ran over pasture and arable. From north to south this in-country belonged to the various farms, including Wistlandspound, Thorneford, Stowford, Hunnaccott, Sprecott, Narracott, Knightacott, and Southacott, and then came the roadway between Bratton Fleming and Four Cross Way. Through this country the hind had run very fast, and, what is really wonderful, had made no use of gateways and gaps, but had cleared obstacle after obstacle, whether hedge, wire, wall, or bank, in the boldest and grandest possible manner. Scent in this neighbourhood got very poor, and to make matters more difficult, the hind had run through various herds of bullocks, and flocks of ewes and lambs, and Bawden says it was a sight to see ' Bugler,' ' Carman,' and ' Gordon ' working out the complications. Hunting had become very slow, and Ernest got on foot at Sprecott and trudged and ran and scrambled for nearly two miles to the Bratton Fleming-Four Crossway road, somebody kindly taking his horse round. The hind now was forty minutes ahead. Near Knightacott she must have passed within a few yards of young Mr. Thorne, who was hedging, but he did not see her, and the story tells of his consternation when leading hounds went past him. He left his hook and spade and ran for his cob in shirt sleeves and all and galloped off. Through all these miles of in-country not a soul save the policeman seems to have viewed the hind, and not a single halloa was heard the whole way. Between Knightacott and Southacott a little combe runs down to the Lynton-Barnstaple railway, and in it is a spinney where the hind had laid up for the first time and where hounds fresh found.

"Now started another phase of this hunt, and at a tremendous pace to and over the Bratton Fleming road mentioned before, and on past the Cape

of Good Hope (a lonely wayside ruin), towards Little Bray Cross, where this gallant deer bore down right-handed across the Monkham Down Gate-Bratton Fleming Lane into the valley by Benton Farm. But her bolt was shot, and a quarter-of-a-mile down the combe and about one mile short of Stoke Rivers Village she was added to the season's tally at 4.35 p.m.

"Of this concluding phase a correspondent writes :—'The last few miles was as hard as we could go.' At the end it was noticed that the marks on the hind's flank were bald patches, evidently obtained the season before, when negotiating a fence or other obstacle. Bawden was riding 'Shellard,' a mare that resembles his former wonderful 'Gina.' He says that of those who were at the meet only two got to the kill, viz., Mr. John Loveys, M.C., of Ashwick, on his gallant light-weight 'Express,' and Mr. Froude Hancock on his heavy-weight 'Nicholas.' Of the staff two were in evidence—Ralph Slocombe, second whipper-in, and Charlie Wensley, Ernest's second horseman. Alfred Lenthall, first whipper-in, as stated before, had gone on with tufters, and was doing his duty elsewhere.

"WILD DEER,"

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED,
HIS MAJESTY'S PRINTERS, LONDON

